

TOC H JOURNAL

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WHY NOT A WORKS SERVICE BUREAU?

The member of Mark I, Buenos Aires, who contributes the following article writes in an accompanying letter: "During the course of more than twelve years spent in various phases of mechanical engineering production, I have come to the conclusion that all industrial troubles are caused through ignorance, mistrust, and suspicion, and, also, that if industry were conducted on Christian principles in every case, the troubles would disappear, because besides being right, they are 100 per cent. efficient—a fact which is often lost sight of."

WE have a Schools Section in Toc H, why shouldn't we also have a Works Service Bureau? Having asked the question, let me explain the thoughts which led me to think of such a thing.

In a technical periodical called *Factory and Industrial Management*, which is published in Chicago, U.S.A., I came across two reviews of books on Management published recently in England. The books I am not going to name, for they have no part here. What is of importance are the remarks of the American reviewer, as follows: "... yet it reflects unconsciously the trend of English industrial thought. The turning towards America for leadership in scientific management is evident. . . . But the American methods are seen through the spectacles of a wholly un-American social philosophy . . . The British student looks at industry as a way of life for the individual, while the American is captured by the process itself. . . . Whether the British or the American point of view is, in the long run, more beneficial to the individual, I do not know, but one is obliged to respect the determination with which our British friends put what is right before what is expedient. . . ." Then, from the second review: "... There is something to be gained by getting other people's viewpoints. Great Britain's industrial leaders are wrestling with problems with which our younger nation has yet to deal. They deserve our admiration for their stubborn refusal to depart from the truth as they see it, and their serene confidence that the truth will not hurt . . ."

Now does all this have anything to do with either a Schools Section or a Works *ditto*? Well, a school is a training ground for the game of life, a works (of some type or other, if you include office and consulting rooms as "works"), is the place where most of us spend the major portion of our active life, and Toc H, with which we are mostly concerned, at the moment, is a way of life. Why not combine the three?

If it has been possible, by means of local Branches, Groups and correspondents, to get so many Public and Secondary Schools linked together, surely it should be possible for Toc H to spread its spirit through the factories and workshops of England. A Works Service Bureau would, of necessity, be vastly different in its organisation and functions from the Schools Section, but it could be just as efficient, just as easily arranged, and no doubt more far-reaching in its effect. I am not suggesting that Toc H should undertake a glorified system of Welfare Work, but that Toc H should work to establish a unit in every factory in England—and then the World.

Welfare work, as conducted at the present time, is always regarded with suspicion. The majority of employers look upon it as a form of charity and the workers regard it as a sort of bait, and consequently always look for the hook on which they imagine they are to be caught.

What I do suggest is that Toc H has a wonderful opportunity to make Christianity a working force in the lives of the greatest possible number of people. Most factories have a club of some description, or at least a canteen or spare office, where meetings could be held, so one of the main items, rent, would be provided for. All works of any size have a sufficient variety of staff to form quite easily a "Human Zoo"—but at present these people never get to know each other, and as our American friend says, "There is something to be gained by getting other people's viewpoints."

Toc H Headquarters Staff, or members of existing units, could get into touch with heads of factories, and enlist their sympathy. A picked bunch of members of the various departments of each works could be called together and have Toc H explained to them, and then, if the idea were taken up, each one would be an ambassador in his own particular department. In this way the idea of Toc H would percolate right through the entire staff and working force. Each company adopting the scheme would be registered in the Works Service Bureau, and as they progressed in Toc H each would become a Group and then a Branch.

Visits could be arranged between the different works so registered, and experience exchanged which would result in a wider outlook for all concerned. In times of distress each factory would have a body of men who would give to their less fortunate and out-of-work colleagues something that "doles" can never give—a little human sympathy and assistance.

To those who would say that Toc H has nothing to do with Industry, I would say that we have been called a "Power-house for helping others," that a power-house is a very fundamental necessity in any industry, and that as Toc H has adopted such an industrial title it has acknowledged its association with industrial life. Remember, the American reviewer says, "The British look at industry as a way of life for the individual." Couldn't that way of life be made the Toc H way of life—the Christian way of life?

Examine the growth of industry, and see what vital element has tended more and more to disappear from our daily working relations. In the old days, when the world was mainly agricultural, before the days of rapid transport, the peoples of the earth lived together in small communities, each community being sufficient

unto itself. In England, these communities were the villages, and the head of each village was the squire. Now while some of these squires were undoubtedly tyrants, the vast majority were Christian gentlemen who took a real interest—a human interest—in the lives of their dependants, the villagers. Life in those days was mainly a family life, with the Squire, or Lord of the Manor, as the head of the family, or village. The village family thus had a head who controlled its destinies, was known personally to all and took a human interest in all their lives.

At the beginning of the Industrial Era, the majority of the first industrialists were these selfsame squires, who set up factories on their estates. The employees of these first factories were the cotters, or villagers, who had lived on the estates where the factories were built, and so at first the same relationship existed between employer and employed. Each was known personally to the other, each took a human interest in the other's affairs. As time went on, and the advantages of machinery became apparent, the demand for manufactured articles exceeded the supply, the existing factories were extended, and workers migrated from the still purely agricultural districts to those districts which were rapidly becoming manufacturing centres.

It was at this period that the family atmosphere began to get pushed into the background. The new workers did not know their employer, and the owner of the factory did not know his new workers. The new employees, having absolutely no other motive but personal gain in their employment, were only concerned with how much they could get out of the business. The employer, having lost personal touch with his employees, ceased to take a human interest in their lives, and his sole object became the extracting of the utmost possible production for the least possible cash outlay.

In present times much time and money has been spent on welfare work of various descriptions, but most of this work has failed to achieve its object through lack of a human viewpoint, or a human contact. The workers receive certain benefits, but only in a material sense—they do not get the same human sympathy from a soulless "Welfare Department" as they did from their personally known employer. And that is where I think Toc H can step in with a Works Service Bureau. They can supply the motive behind the welfare, and help to put industrial relations on a more human and Christian basis. The American reviewer has paid us two compliments when he said, ". . . but one is obliged to respect the determination with which our British friends put what is right before what is expedient." And again, ". . . They deserve our admiration for their stubborn refusal to depart from the truth as they see it, and their serene confidence that the truth will not hurt." Let us, then, search for the truth, and having found it put what is right before what is expedient.

When that intangible thing which we call "The Spirit of Toc H" has been infused into our daily industrial lives (and we are all dependent on industry in one way or another) the day will be nearer that we pray for when we say, "Thy Kingdom in the *Hearts* and the *Wills* of men."

E. WOODBRIDGE.

REX : FIVE MINUTES WITH THE GREAT

The special reporter of the London Toc H Magazine recently invaded the office of the TOC H JOURNAL. The result was an unauthorised interview with the Editor which appeared in the second issue of that paper. It was decided to carry the warfare into the camp of the London Secretary, with the following result. We can only divulge that our interviewer is a very prominent member of the ecclesiastical profession.

"YOU want to see Rex Calkin, do you?" said Arthur, when I enquired at what looked like a quick-lunch bar just inside the front door of H.Q. "Have you an appointment? No? Well you've got a cheek! Why, there's a queue all the way down the stairs waiting to see him. He's busy, he is. Working eighteen hours every day and sleeps with a file under his pillow."

"Tell him," I murmured, "that it's about quota."

Arthur seized the buzzer, twirled a dial, and said, "A bloke wants to see you about a quota. What? a gentleman? No, nothing like that, only a bloke. Send him up? Right-o." Then turning to me, "He'll see you. Next floor, sharp left, last door on left hand, and don't stay long."

I found Rex in one of the largest and best appointed rooms in the building, busily dictating letters to two typists at the same time. The uniform of a Major in the Church Lads' Brigade was flung negligently but conspicuously over the back of a chair. The historic wand that he has carried with such dignity at so many Birthday Festivals was on the wall; whilst the eyeglass and spurs he wore when he was a Staff Officer in the Army reposed in a glass case upon the mantelpiece. He was seated at a desk surrounded by pigeon-holes; the files stacked all round him resembled a gun emplacement. Instinctively I thought, "He is a Canon, not a layman."

He looked at me with a weary, long-suffering smile that went to my heart.

"Well, what is this about a quota?"

"Oh, that," I answered, "that was just a ramp to get admitted. I knew the word 'quota' was an open sesame to the London office. There ain't no quota, or if there is it's only a pious hope which will never be realised." The look of pain deepened and the smile faded from Rex's speaking countenance.

"Quotas and Padres will be the death of me," he sighed. "But," brightening at the thought, "we have a Constitution Committee that meets and talks and draws up schemes that look beautiful on paper. Have you any suggestions to make for the better governing of Toc H London? If so, submit them at once; they will be duly considered and promptly turned down."

"... A Major in
the C.L.B."





"... Inviting the L.W.H. to send representatives to the London Area Executive."

In answer to my timid questioning, he said, "No, I am not in favour of inviting the L.W.H. to send representatives to the London Area Executive ; but I do think that at all Birthday and other Festivals they should be asked to provide a Guard of Honour. If this was done I would drill them myself, and the order of the day would be soft collar, badges, blazer and ties."

"What do I think of the H.Q. Editorial Staff? Rotten. They don't know the meaning of time, nor do they realise the importance of accuracy."

Then, "Have you nearly finished? I have five committees in the next two hours, and appointments with two Bishops, an Archdeacon, a Rural Dean and a Bible Woman. Also I am hoping to get my lunch about 8 o'clock before attending a District Committee at 8.30 p.m."

"One more question," I said as I edged towards the door, "What is London and Why?" Rex rose slowly from his chair, revealing his height and manly proportions. I fled. The typists tittered, and as I stumbled downstairs I heard Rex's musical voice resuming his interrupted dictating, "In reply to yours of the 10th inst., the reply is in the affirmative except when it is a lemon."

OF HERETICS

"HERESY" is a nice blood-curdling word ; it smells most fearsomely of pitch and brimstone. But words, like human beings, have a habit of being very often much more attractive as children than their ferocious grown-up appearance would ever allow one to guess. "Heresy," in its early years as a Greek word, meant quite harmlessly just a body of opinion or the earnest belief of a few people. As Greek free-thinking passed and Christianity became the unique school of thought, and that for the time bound tight with doctrine, so "heretic" came to refer to any who held other than the one orthodox opinion. Originality of thought was discouraged and heretics became beyond hope and argument, for as Tertullian says, "a controversy with heretics can clearly produce no other effect than to help to upset either the stomach or the brain." Men forgot that both are often glad of strange and novel foods, even though the temporary result may be a little uncomfortable at times. They failed to see that the new and critical thought of heretics was often just the natural rising of the sap and bursting of young buds on the old trunk—a healthy sign of life and vitality. St. Francis himself was held a heretic by many because he wished to get back to the first simple things of Christianity, and as the path of the Church became for a little narrow and rocky before it learned again to be gracious and understanding, so Savonarola on the one hand and Joan of Arc on the other were burned alive in the market-places of Florence and Rouen.

The point is that this suppression of criticism was a sign of temporary paralysis, and that one of the strongest proofs of the vitality of Christianity to-day lies in its severe self-criticism.

Criticism is a Hose—

All this is but to introduce a suggestion that we have not nearly enough heretics in Toc H. There lack men who will be on the look-out for the failings of the thing they believe in, constantly stopping and caulking the chinks which they see and so keeping our boat most adventurously seaworthy. We must not fall into an easy and unthinking acceptance of all we tell each other in Toc H any more than we should of our daily newspapers, nor must we forget the importance of individual beliefs and ideals in the greater corporate ones. When a thing is beyond criticism and improvement it is dead. Let us toughen our belief in Toc H by searching out its faults and straightway mending those causes of our restlessness.

And a Well-Built House Doesn't Mind Getting Wet

These few ideas, then, are criticisms of Toc H ; not, I hope, disloyal, but rather constructive ones. If you disapprove of criticism, why, then, take this JOURNAL and burn it with full ceremony of exorcism in the kitchen-grate ; if not, make your own comments.

In the first place, I have a lurking fear that we are coming to regard Toc H as an end in itself, instead of as a glorious means to an end—a means somehow

different from most ; though even as we say that, let us remember rather humbly that we are only repeating the words of a certain Pharisee, who thanked God he was not as other men are. We rightly talk of "building Toc H," "strengthening the movement," and so forth, but sometimes we forget for a little moment that there is no point in strengthening a movement unless we hold most clearly before us the goal towards which we are moving.

What Are We Trying to Do?

Now Toc H as I see it is a way of helping Everyman to make his life fuller, completer, and more Christian—Christian in the bold open-armed adventurous sense of the Christ Who said "They shall have life, and have it abundantly." It is a way of teaching that physical, mental and spiritual balance which alone can give understanding and happiness.

If this is our aim (and the exact definition of it will vary a little for the personal ideals of each one), then it is surely to that that our first loyalty is due. Toc H is the train which is taking us to it ; and when we are going on a journey, our thought is primarily for our destination, and secondly, for the engine which helps us there, so long as it continues in the right direction. Obviously, a certain amount of time must be spent in overhauling, stoking and driving the engine, but am I wrong when I believe that to-day the mechanics of the machine, the "technique" and administration of Toc H, are occupying men to the forgetfulness of its aim and destination ?

Daily, as I see one and another withdrawn from wider interests which keep their minds and bodies alert, from the companionship of men and women who teach them kindness and understanding, in order to spend more hours each week on committees or in council, I begin to doubt. "Some are born committee-men, some achieve committee, and some have committee thrust upon them"—I confess myself of the latter, but even for the happy members of the other two categories the present imposing ramifications of Toc H organisation must appear a little staggering at times. Each day we urge our members to "spend more of their time on Toc H," but not necessarily upon fulfilling its aims.

Service—And the Other Things

Now, first of all, this almost daily habit of committee meeting, Guest-Night attendance, festival organisation and secretarial work, leaves less time for service and causes what there is of it to be less well done because it has to be sandwiched in between administrative duties. And service is not only intensely important to the served (its main object), but it also furnishes the disciplinary side of Toc H ; it toughens the character and will of each member with difficult and sometimes disliked tasks, and makes of him a bigger and more understanding man. That toughening exercise we cannot afford to lose or relax.

Secondly, all this complication and accumulation of departmental dealings, in addition to the time which is rightly pledged to jobs, leaves an ever-diminishing amount for those million interests which help to make life worth living and which we, I am afraid, sometimes tend to belittle in Toc H. Instead of discouraging,

I feel we should be encouraging Toc H men to gossip with the frivolous, to listen to good music, to see good plays, to acquire the skill of craftsmanship, to climb mountains, to eat good food, to make love, to carry on fantastic discussions with old friends, to write poetry, to appreciate beauty, to mix with impossible people, to read fine books, to sing, to play, to think, and to work out their own ideas about life in general. Now a man can get on without all these things, and possibly he can live by committees alone, but he will be just the opposite of the ideal we set before ourselves in the beginning. His mind will become a minute-book and he will grow the least suitable man of all to lead others in Toc H, because he will be out of touch with the fulness of daily life which it is our chief concern to bring to Everyman.

To Think or Not to Think—That is the Question

The night I heard that a certain region had appointed a committee with the unique and sole object of thinking, I had a nightmare. I dreamed of Toc H led by a few fantastic creatures, hybrid between H. G. Wells' moon-men and Bernard Shaw's ancients—just enormous jelly-like brains wobbling on bodies shrivelled into dwarfdom from disuse. All the ordinary members, on the other hand, had heads dwindling to mere buttons in my imagination, for theirs it was but unreasoningly to execute the thought of the others. I woke in a cold sweat.

All this is pessimistic and exaggerated and possibly the result of lobster late at night.

Now let us come to some practical propositions. I feel (and this is completely unauthorised and for the contradiction of the first-comer) that we should lay far more stress on the power and responsibility of the individual in Toc H. Credit him with intelligence as well as emotion. Having soaked him in the guiding ideals of Toc H, give him a free hand to work out his own philosophy in their light. They are too deep and satisfying ever to be lost, or wasted. Let us get rid of the habit of looking on each member as a naughty child, who must be watched carefully lest he should play truant at a Guest-Night or boys' club, who must be carefully weaned from his own misguided ideas and converted to our own. Give him a sense of his individual responsibility and of adventure. Don't encourage him to give up outside interests when he comes into Toc H; encourage him to take the Toc H outlook back to them.

Teaching the Balance of Life

After such a crowding hail of vague imperatives, the patient (and still more the impatient) reader will be asking for some solid examples. I suggest that one of the chief functions of Toc H is to teach that balance of life which we referred to earlier on. Into the man for whom dog-racing is the staple topic of conversation we must gently instil an appreciation of the greater problems of men and nations, to the philosopher we must teach the merit of kicking a ball and the joy of physical effort; we must encourage the materialist to go to church, the mystic to revue; to the bitter we must show human kindness and understanding, and from the happy-go-lucky we must not keep those cases of suffering and tragedy

which are our splendid care in Toc H. These needs men cannot always satisfy within the framework of Toc H, for its scope does not touch them all. But we can teach, encourage and lead. The world has found to-day that no nation can be independent and self-sufficing: each buys and sells and learns from all. So in the complexity of modern life, Toc H cannot stand cut off by an invisible wall between each member and the rest. It must go out and meet and mingle with the world, spreading its own ideas by taking an interest in those of others.

Are We Too Afraid of Losing Members?

The other day I talked a little of Toc H to a meeting of a certain extreme political party (let no one jump rashly to this conclusion or that); and after it all, an earnest old Jew came to me and said, "If you are really teaching every man to bear his full responsibility, then you must daily lose many members, for as they go out into the world to devote all their strength to setting it right, they will no longer have the time or energy left to belong to Toc H?" I had no answer, for surely there is much truth in that. If we are really succeeding in our aims, then we must not grudge losing members who have learned our lesson.

Toc H is a university of character, and though for most men the course is never completed, yet some graduate, and we must set them joyously free to take up their responsibilities elsewhere, and devote all their energies to their own duty. Don't let us think of a man as a "dud member" because, having worked hard for a year or two and learned the lessons of Toc H, he drops our Group and goes off to apply them exclusively in politics or business or art, or what you will. The Toc H train we thought of just now has taken him to the edge of the mountains: he must climb to his destination on the summit, alone and on foot.

Poor Old Joe!

And for the rest, let's be human. On a certain committee, the secretary was taking a review of members. "——And there's old Joe," he said sadly, "he's busy getting engaged; I'm afraid he won't be much use to us now." Whereupon the whole committee shook their heads gravely, with muttered expressions of regret and pained sorrow. I admit that my immediate thoughts were unprintable. Joe, who had been a silent and grudging youth, though a hard enough worker, was now suddenly become charming to know, with a pleasant smile and a zest for life. And he was being blamed for it. . . . The last word to committees who look on their attendance statistics as a higher criterion of ultimate truth than human relationships is surely biblical: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

The gist of all this, if you have read so far, is that we should beware of forgetting the beauties of the whole wood in the joy of watching our own particular tree grow and blossom. And, last of all, let us make that forbidding word "heretic" a Toc H member, and each member a heretic in its happy youthful sense of one who, having absorbed those greater truths on which Toc H rests, yet lives courageously up to the construction of them which he for himself has thrashed out alone in thought and experience.

R. G. C. S.

A. RULING PASSION?

Hoist your sails, adventurous captains!
Out and chase the setting sun!
Boundless as the deep before you
Shines the dream that calls you on.
Sky to sky, adventurous captains,
Calls you as the wonder grows;
Every sun-down as it deepens,
Reddening to an English rose.

I WAS quite a small boy when the war was on, and yet I remember a great many things which happened at the time. The slogans, such as "a war to end war"; the shock of reading Kitchener's death; hurried leaves of elder brothers and friends; sudden news of death. But above all, I remember the constantly expressed sentiment that a new spirit had come to earth. The cook's son and the Duke's son fought side-by-side in the trenches: snobbery was dead. The women of all classes were working together at home as they had never done before. Altogether, there was a new spirit between men and women of all classes. Why?—surely because of a unifying passion—to win the war.

Toc H started in England with the idea foremost of keeping alive in peacetime the spirit manifested during the war. But men were disillusioned, jobs were scarce, prices very high—the spirit fled.

Hundreds upon hundreds gave their youth and all that life means in youth because they believed in the slogan "a war to end war." And because we let them die in that belief it must be fulfilled. Otherwise all is mockery.

But the spirit has fled. Where is the adventure of a raid at dawn, in peacetime? Where, in peace, is the comradeship that men find when little things are too little to matter? War must come again to give adventure? Let us forget Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke and the thousand unsung?

But Toc H claims to be a family as, in the war, all were one family. And the ruling passion must be service—the world's ruling passion must be service. The alternative is war again and "the England for which they died" is slop and sentiment, and we are howling humbugs.

And *is* service a ruling passion in Toc H? Will bath-chair pushing and stewarding at fêtes give a man the adventure he seeks? I'm wildly in favour of bath-chair pushing as a good beginning, but I think we rather consider it an end in itself.

Surely, our service ought to be planned to introduce a man to the big issues that will give him adventure if he wants it. I am quite willing to admit that bath-chairs will satisfy some for ever, but then, they would never have gone into the sunrise in an aeroplane.

Isn't our service a bit narrow in its scope? *Boys' work will always be the most important thing* that we can do, and for those who find it suitable to their temperament it will provide as great an adventure as anything; but the number who are suited is far smaller than we will admit. The Jobmaster (poor bewildered

wretch!) seems to be saying all the time: "Well, there's boys' clubs, you know, and—er—of course there's boys' clubs, and then (*brightly*) there's boys' clubs!"

But all jobs should be a snare to catch the man into a great adventure. He who takes on after-care visiting may some day throw up the sponge and decide to get at the *cause* of the trouble, and henceforth housing or health clinics will become his ruling passion.

The intellectual who refuses a job but attends a study circle should some day have his imagination fired by the futility of things as they are, and economics will claim him; for he will have realised that bread is fundamental and that it is necessary for man's dignity that he should earn it.

Yet another, while hearing talks at Guest-nights on better bathrooms or the seven-hour-day, may feel that such blessings will be almost useless in themselves save a change of heart comes too, and he will find a use for all his powers in Church work.

The artist may feel that reform is all very well, but with the coming of more and better machinery, and hence greater liberty, men and women will not know how to spend their leisure time. And he will set to work now, before these affairs come about, training the young in arts and crafts, in the drama, in music, so that people shall not have to resort to mechanical amusement in their spare time.

And so one could go on, but surely the point is that we are footling away men's time? We want to keep them in mouse traps instead of setting them on the highway of adventure. A family by all means, with fresh life, coming in at one end, then catching fire, and going out to serve, having found a cause for which to live. Why should we expect to foster the spirit of the war if we do nothing to provide the circumstances in which it can flourish? Toc H has a slogan about changing chaps, but oddly enough, if they were changed they would be up and doing and (possibly) irregular at Guest-nights: and I don't believe that in our present state we should really welcome that. As a Jobmaster my great desire is to see the members one by one serving under their own sail, and I hope that I shall cling to that desire, even though it is a bit hard when the Annual Report to the Guard of the Lamp is required, and one realises the impotence of dreams as opposed to concrete facts from a well-kept card index!

B. T.

Understanding

No tomb erect for me,
No pious words indite;
But somewhere on a height
Beside the shining sea,
Raise there for me a stone,
And on it simply write
That once I saw the Light,
Nor was I then alone.

J. B.

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Yet another, while hearing talks at Guest-nights on better bathrooms or the seven-hour-day, may feel that such blessings will be almost useless in themselves save a change of heart comes too, and he will find a use for all his powers in Church work.

The artist may feel that reform is all very well, but with the coming of more and better machinery, and hence greater liberty, men and women will not know how to spend their leisure time. And he will set to work now, before these affairs come about, training the young in arts and crafts, in the drama, in music, so that people shall not have to resort to mechanical amusement in their spare time.

And so one could go on, but surely the point is that we are footling away men's time? We want to keep them in mouse traps instead of setting them on the highway of adventure. A family by all means, with fresh life, coming in at one end, then catching fire, and going out to serve, having found a cause for which to live. Why should we expect to foster the spirit of the war if we do nothing to provide the circumstances in which it can flourish? Toc H has a slogan about changing chaps, but oddly enough, if they were changed they would be up and doing and (possibly) irregular at Guest-nights: and I don't believe that in our present state we should really welcome that. As a Jobmaster my great desire is to see the members one by one serving under their own sail, and I hope that I shall cling to that desire, even though it is a bit hard when the Annual Report to the Guard of the Lamp is required, and one realises the impotence of dreams as opposed to concrete facts from a well-kept card index!

B. T.

Understanding

No tomb erect for me,
No pious words indite;
But somewhere on a height
Beside the shining sea,
Raise there for me a stone,
And on it simply write
That once I saw the Light,
Nor was I then alone.

J. B.

THE LONDON MARKS

WE shall always recall with deep affection Tubby's whimsical dream in 1919 of Talbot House set up in Trafalgar Square. Nor, as always with Tubby, was some measure of practical reality long to follow. In March, 1920, the first Toc H Mark was opened without any fuss at 8, Queen's Gate Place, Kensington.

This happened over eleven years ago and the character of Toc H has developed much since then. In 1920 almost the whole of the London membership lived in a Mark. To-day a small percentage only of the whole membership has ever been inside a Mark. Many of the Family are perplexed at the nature of the Marks and wonder if they still stand in the true line of Toc H tradition and development.

Two ideas were dovetailing in Tubby's mind when he set up house in Mark I. Long before the war he had become alive to the dreary lot of the young invader from the provinces condemned by economic conditions to a lengthy period of bachelordom in London lodgings. J. B. Priestley's picture in *Angel Pavement* of Turgis's lodgings in Camden Town has long held true in thousands of instances. Into this desert, which bred boredom and demoralisation, Tubby was determined to bring some oasis.

The other idea was Talbot House. The family life created and nurtured there was too precious to be abandoned. Those who had shared in it were already demanding its continuance. The need for Talbot House in London had long been clear to Tubby's mind. The demand for it could not be ignored. When the Innkeeper opened his doors afresh hostellers were ready at hand.

The small group that went with Tubby and "The Gen." to Mark I were men who had served in the War and had known the Old House. Here was an opportunity, it seemed, to preserve the fellowship shared in the trenches and to carry on into post-war civilian life the breaking down of many barriers of class and convention which had begun through the exigencies of active service. No further elaboration is needed of the ideas which were finding expression in these Marks. The early literature of Toc H abounds both in details of their life and with references to the functions they were intended to fulfil, and every probationer of Toc H to-day is still told the story of how these things came to pass. Men were to share a common life there and to express the joy they found there in service to the neighbourhood in which they were living.

The one emphasis which requires to be made is that the Marks were an experiment in the art of corporate living. Tubby was certain that once the door was opened there were many men in London who would welcome the opportunity of leaving the loneliness of lodgings for the fun of living with a group of fellows in a Mark. Pioneer Wardens with a handful of men set up house in the early Marks. They had no clear ideas about how things would work out. Talbot House was the guide and inspiration. Its genius was to be applied to the conditions of post-war London. In the rough and tumble of those frenzied years a carefree spirit of genial hospitality held sway. Tubby was a frequent visitor if not almost a permanent hosteller. In the early years nothing was according to plan beyond Tubby's insistence on a Chapel and a Padre in every House.

There was no difficulty about finding men to live in these Marks. Not only men back from active service were keen to share in this enterprise. One recalls hostellers in Marks in 1921 who were as young as any who live in the Marks to-day. As the Toc H idea got abroad a Branch grew up around the Mark and in time the Mark became the centre of a considerable district of Toc H units.

Two things now began to happen. The older men were gradually leaving the Marks in order to marry and settle down. At the same time the fact of these Houses was becoming known to an ever increasing circle of parents and headmasters of schools who were anxious to find a home for boys of eighteen who were leaving school and coming to work in London. By 1927 there were very few men residing in the Marks who had served in the War, while each Mark had its waiting list of this younger type of hosteller.

The arrival of this situation faced the London Houses Committee with a serious problem. There was no doubt as to the need which was being supplied by these Houses and no other method was meeting the need in quite so creative a way. But the departure of the older men made it difficult to secure a succession of wise and responsible Wardens and a nucleus around which the life of the House could form. The demand for residence from outside was such that extension rather than a halt was called for and the opening of new Houses contemplated.

The First Hostellers Grow Up

The lean years of 1927-29 seem to have passed. The Area Padres tried in vain to find senior members of the London Branches who would come into the Houses and take on the exacting but vitally important work of Warden. Through the devotion of those who knew the Houses best we were enabled to bridge this anxious period until the work of earlier years began to bear fruit. Then some of those who had come to us as younger hostellers felt able to take on the responsibility of Warden and are doing so to-day. Last year we were able to increase our accommodation when the Larger Mark III and Mark XXII replaced their earlier namesakes and recently the new Mark XX has been opened in Putney. The problem of the senior man in the Marks is not solved yet and older members of the right kind who will live in the Marks will be welcomed by the Houses Committee.

In the main, however, the Marks are peopled by youngsters of 18 who leave school and home to come to work in London. Until the serious economic situation of this year, the nature of the employment of a number of these hostellers has been a preliminary training before going to serve their firms overseas. The population of the Houses is therefore continually changing, which creates a feeling of uncertainty and urgency about the constructive work attempted through the Marks.

Such a hosteller knows little of Toc H when he comes to the Mark. Not always does he come by his own choice and often he comes straight from school. So he is probably as surprised to find himself allowed a latchkey as he is bored to find a padre resident in the House. At eighteen many things bore him—older enthusiasts, organised religion as a result of previous experience, sometimes his work—

through no fault of his own. At the outset he is probably not very thrilled by what he sees and hears of Toc H and is shy and reserved when visitors call at the Mark. Undiscerning Toc H members accustomed to a measure of geniality are dismayed when they are rather taken for granted and recall the more spontaneous days just after the War or the greater heartiness of their local unit. Those of us who live alongside these young newcomers know best how swift they are to seize upon a tradition and quietly fulfil the obligations of hospitality, proudly displaying to visitors details of interest in the House which they are growing to love as Home.

Spare-time in a Mark

Someone will ask if those who live in Marks are still expected to do jobs like any other Toc H member. Every new hosteller comes into the House for a probationary period. During this time it is possible to discover the chances of his responding to the spirit of the place. If he does not seem likely to share in the life he is not invited to remain. If he has settled in he will be already a probationer of the Branch. The number of jobs which the hosteller can be invited to attempt are obviously limited. He is young and untrained and his stay in the Mark is not as a rule lengthy. In spite of these handicaps the record of the Marks is not to be despised. Many have served an honourable apprenticeship with Scouts or Boys' Clubs and have grown keen in this form of service and will be remembered with gratitude when they are far from London. The claims of evening classes and examinations are on the increase and the Quiet Room is in great demand. This may mean that jobs have to suffer, but no one can accuse the average hosteller of sloth. His life is a full one and he pursues many and varied activities as a rule with industry and vigour.

The London Marks have to be self-supporting, but only as a whole, so that one Mark may provide a good deal more for the common fund than another, just as one hosteller's weekly rate may be a good deal higher than another's. The fixing of the rate is a matter of agreement between the hosteller and Warden and depends upon the hosteller's income. It may vary from fifteen to fifty shillings without any variation in what the Mark has to offer, and it is an essential feature of the Mark that no prospective hosteller is disqualified for financial reasons.

The Barriers are Down

Thus it is possible to find amongst the twenty-five hostellers who comprise an averaged-size Mark a fairly wide divergence of occupation, interest and education. The divergence of to-day compares favourably with the divergence of eight years ago—but there is this difference that the average age has fallen and many new hostellers come straight from school. This does not mean that they provide less good material for Toc H to work upon or to work with, but it does mean that they are quicker to conform to the standards they find in their Mark and so present to the undiscerning eye less variety of type than their predecessors of 1922. At nineteen or twenty the artificial barriers of upbringing and education are so easily broken down that the casual observer thinks that they never even have existed.

To-day the new hosteller generally comes without any knowledge of Toc H. It takes him a little time to get used to his surroundings and a little more time to appreciate Toc H. Till then he is not and cannot be expected to be a real help to the unit. So that, while the Mark is still in some sense a power-house, it must be remembered that a lot of its energy is being used up, and profitably used up, on its own internal life. This may incidentally include the care of one or two who, probably through no fault of their own, are in particular need of help in facing financial or moral problems. This is a side of the work of a Mark which, although not to be enlarged on here, is often of the utmost importance.

“And so they all to Merry London Came”

The opportunity then of moulding the character of youth is one offered peculiarly to Marks and one which we must accept and **must** learn to think about in a big way. The changed situation has come about by a natural evolution. Whether the original conception of the Mark has still a place in the activities of Toc H is not easily answered and is constantly borne in mind. In the meantime here at hand is an unending supply of hostellers of the finest material possible, and we dare not shut our doors upon them.

The life in the Marks is founded upon a sound tradition of sane and joyful Christian living. As the younger generation comes to London, so it is the happy fortune of Toc H, through its Marks, to be able to make some contribution towards deepening and steadying their characters as they find themselves for the first time in the grip of the artificial civilisation of to-day.

The responsibility of being called to control and guide the Marks is no light one. But, in spite of many anxieties and unending labours, the Wardens of our Marks are at one in recognising the unique value of the task they have undertaken. Equally are they untiring in the devotion with which they serve the younger men.

Possibilities and their Realisation

In this way the finest material is being recruited ultimately for Toc H. The young hosteller has proved himself its most enthusiastic missionary as his work takes him to the farthest outposts of the Empire.* If we make our vision sufficiently wide there is no end to the service which we can offer through the wise and steady growth of the Marks in London. Toc H is rightly proud of the many pieces of work it has been allowed to do. But if it had nothing else to show at the end of ten years the London Marks, with all their potentialities, in themselves are sufficient to justify the existence of Toc H.

L. H. C.

* Overseas members visiting London are asked to make a point of getting into touch with one of the Marks shown below, which are trying to forge a stronger link with “our farthest kindred in Toc H.”

Mark I : South America.

Mark II : All Africa (with the exception of Egypt).

Mark III : Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

Mark VII : India, Ceylon, Burma, the Far East.

The Brothers' House : U.S.A. and the West Indies.

Mark XV : The Army overseas (through Woolwich Garrison).

Mark XX : Canada and Newfoundland.

Mark XXII : Europe and the Middle East, including Egypt and Malta.

TWO HOLIDAY BOOKS

In Your Stride. By A. B. AUSTIN. Drawings by MARGARET DOBSON. Country Life. 7s. 6d.
Camping and Hiking for All. By W. HOLT-JACKSON. Routledge. 2s. 6d.

NO past English summer has ever seen so many miles tramped in hot sun and driving rain, so many pairs of heavy boots thudding companionably on hard roads, so many blisters raised on unaccustomed feet, so many hungry City-folk eating bread and cheese in country inns and on deserted hill-tops, as this one has. For in these last months, the human leg, so long exclusively used for treading on accelerators, for propelling footballs, and in extreme cases for administering punishment, has been once more restored to an old use—the conveyance of its owner about the countryside. And though walkers of forty years' standing may lament the fact that their wild and strenuous mountain march of '95 is now daily accomplished by a hundred hikers from seven to seventy, and though Mrs. Grundy may declare that shorts are a direct invention of the devil, there is no doubt that many thousands have recently rediscovered a great and simple joy in a complicated world—the joy of tramping.

But though everyone can walk, the art of tramping is a very subtle one, an art which gives most pleasure to him who takes the trouble to learn something of its technique, to study its attendant joys of cooking and map-reading, starshine and birdsong, boots and rucksacks, and in short, to savour the thing as a connoisseur. So books on tramping are welcome; to the beginner as a short-cut across the lessons of painful experience and as a guide to future joys, to the old hand as a friendly comparison of notes and a stimulant to delightful memories of absurd adventures. Here are two of them.

In Your Stride is a lovely book. To start with, it is good to look at. Its delightful mottled green cover (which reminded me irresistibly of lichen on an old wall), its corners luxuriously rounded to meet the vagaries of a rucksack, its good paper and crisp friendly type, and, above all, the sun and wind of Miss Dobson's drawings, which almost compel me to sling down this pen and start off on the instant, all make it a book which would be very pleasant to carry about even if one had not yet learned to read. But in that case one would miss a great deal. For Mr. Austin has something fascinating and sincere to say, and the easiest, most whimsical way in the world of saying it. He has no patience with those who bemoan the spoiling of the country by arterial roads and speed and bungalows, nor with the others who lament the fact that they cannot afford to enjoy the hills and heath of England. And to prove them wrong, he takes a typical week-end in each month and a luxurious week in April and August, and bears the reader off with him each time to the most unlikely and unseasonable places. A Friday night's train-journey and he is on mist-wreathed Dartmoor in January, wind-blown among the Cairngorms in April, lost in Derbyshire peat-bogs in July, striding over the bare Downland curves in October, and sleeping everywhere in turf shelters, under hedges, at farms, and where you will, all at a cost of shillings where many now spend pounds. "Unknown England" has become a catch-phrase, but here it is—strange moods, weather, places, people, adventures, all under our very noses, and for each man's taking. Each delightful page is a reminder of how little we know our own country and how much there is to know. Anyone who has ever lain on the top of a hill or felt turf under his feet will enjoy this book—and if the others don't too, then there's little hope for them.

Camping and Hiking is purely practical, and most excellent in its scope. The Scoutmaster or boys' club leader organising his first camp, as well as the novice embarking on his first walking tour, will find in it a mine of information. Here they are initiated into all the subtleties of tents and their ways, are taught how to make fires in the most unpromising Scotch mist, and how to bake apple dumplings; the mystery of laying out a camp is unfolded to them, and the remedies for all the ills which may befall the hiker or camper. Prices, lists of equipment, and recommended articles complete a most useful book.



ABOVE: Members of the Society of St. George marching to Talbot House, with crossbows.

BELOW: The Royal Fusiliers handle a forgotten weapon in the Square at Poperinghe.
(Photos by courtesy of Central Press, Ltd.)

THE CROSSBOWMEN OF POPERINGHE



OUR Headquarters are not much to look at from the outside, scarcely more imposing than that stone barn at Coldstream on the Tweed where Colonel Monck's Regiment of Infantry was raised in 1650. But our unit is older by 200 years than the Coldstream Guards. To find it you must go round the corner of the Rue des Pots, the street which runs off northwards halfway between Talbot House and Skindles Hotel at Poperinghe. It is a little *estaminet*, and as you pass through the low door and stand by the bar under the low ceiling you will not at first notice that it is anything more. Mine host will greet you with a jovial smile, and pour out your thin beer for you and wish you "*Bon santé!*" in a rich, hearty voice. The womankind of the family and a neighbour or two, sitting round the shining black stove on the shining floor of chequered tiles, will receive you without ado into their pleasant circle, which never seems to pause in its eager, idle gossip. But on the walls the pictures tell a proud story. Here is a huge frame containing a score of portraits, each gazing solemnly at you from an oval cut in the mount. They have the stout countenances of good Belgian burghers, some are marvellously bearded, one or two are in a forgotten uniform rather like that of our great-uncles when Queen Victoria reviewed them as volunteer captains on Wimbledon Common. And there are medals, and a bit of coloured ribbon, and a diploma or two. Moreover, from the room at the back of the bar there comes a haze of cigar smoke and chaffing voices and a loud "*Bravo!*" And what was that sudden sound? A dull unusual *twang!* Step through the door—and you are in the presence of the *Schuttersgilde Sint-Joris—La Société de Saint George*—The Guild of Crossbowmen. Here are the stout burghers of present-day Poperinghe, a picked company. Is not René Berat, the steward of Talbot House, one of them? To-night Paul and I are received not as strangers and sojourners but as fellow-marksmen of the "Shooters' Guild"; we are initiated in the use of its arms; we are to receive (after due subscription) its attractive badge for our buttonholes. We are with little doubt the first English members in its long history.

"And so you were the men who held the English up at the Siege of Ypres in 1383!" I said chaffingly. "Ah no, monsieur, we were not born then. In any case, let bygones be bygones!" And in truth the Guild was not born until 80 years after that event, glorious and tragic for the Flemish and merely disgraceful for the English who took part. Never mind now about "far-off unhappy things and battles long ago": we have jolly work to do and wholly peaceable to-night.

An Evening at the Butts

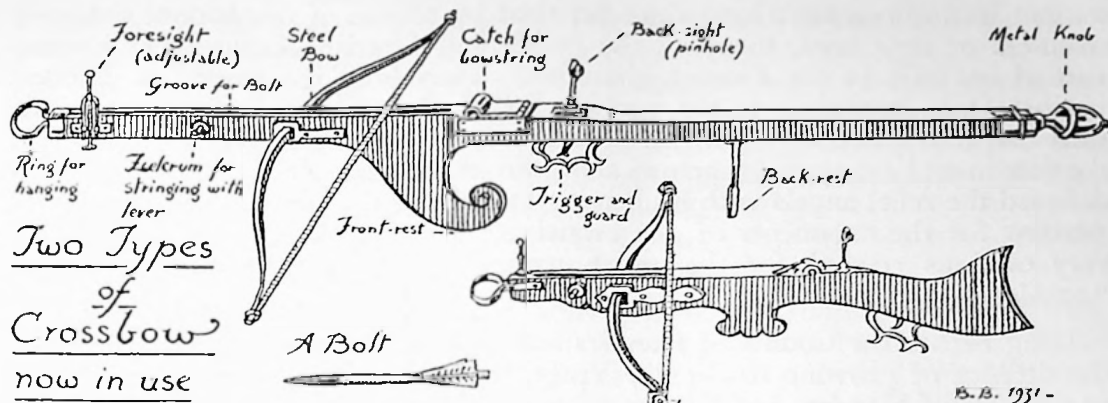
The little room is well filled with men. From hooks in the ceiling above their heads hang the strange instruments of their art; in the middle of the floor

stands a stout wooden contraption with a six-foot lever pointing upwards at a steep angle, like some very primitive printing press; at the far end is a bench with irons, rather like a crooked burglar's jemmy, lying about. A member unhooks one of the instruments—it is a cross-bow of steel, fitted to a wooden stock like a most old-fashioned sporting gun. He bends the bow by levering the twisted string, thick as your little finger, into position with one of the "jemmys," steps to a square hole in the wall, lays a stumpy feathered "bolt" along the wooden "barrel" of his bow, touches the trigger and lets fly. *Bravo!*—a bull! He takes two nickel coins, the reward of good shooting, out of the "pool" which reposes in a cigar box nailed to the wall, and steps back to make room for the next man. And now they unhook a much larger crossbow, a magnificent affair with a five-foot "barrel" of polished black wood with silver plated-fittings. This monarch will not submit to a mere burglar's jemmy: it has to be held vertical against the wooden post in the centre of the floor while two hands on the long lever force down the string into its notch for the firing position. It is put into my inexperienced hands and I am led to face the hole in the wall—a serio-comic moment! It is no question of laying a rifle stock to shoulder and cheek this time. The long straight end of the stock lies on my right shoulder and the huge plated acorn which weights the end of it sticks out a foot behind my head: a hinged metal flange fits against my shoulder-blade behind and in front (if only my corporation were equal to that of a middle-aged Belgian) a scrolled wooden bracket would serve as an abdominal as well as a manual support. A feathered bolt—didn't our English crossbowmen call it a "quarrel"?—is laid in the long groove in front of my nose. At the far end of the shed into which I am aiming through the hole in the wall there is a round white target. A red flag drops up there, a telephone bell at my elbow rings for "all clear." I am bidden to take aim through the pinhole sight, and warned that the trigger goes with a mere "hair pull." What will happen? Must I allow for the distance—which I don't know, or the wind, of which there isn't a breath? Will the thing "kick"? A touch on the trigger, a dull twang, and the arrow, by some lucky accident, sticks in the target. *Bravo!*—but not yet worth 20 centimes from the pool.

And so the game goes on, a mild game but surely skilful, an ancient and rare game, a very sociable game with its accompaniment of strong tobacco and weak beer. Actually this is not the true archery of the crossbowman, but mere practice at the butts, such as the London 'prentice in past centuries had to carry out on Sunday afternoons or pay his fine before a magistrate. This practice goes forward on winter Sunday nights in the long shed which flanks the garden wall of Talbot House upon the Western side;

"Shooting at the Perch"

In summer comes the real game of "shooting at the perch." Every observant pilgrim to Flanders must have noticed the "perch" and has probably wondered at its purpose. It is to be seen standing up on the outskirts of every Flemish town and village—a fifty-foot larch pole or a still taller steel mast, forked many times at the top as if the Devil were wont to make toast. Go closer and you will



find it hinged near the ground. Go on a Sunday afternoon and you will see the archers let the mast over on its hinge until they can reach to fix the marks on its prongs—small black squares for the longbowmen and for the crossbowmen a little cube of brass, grooved to fit the prong, from which dangles a tuft of scarlet feathers sufficient to justify its name of “the Pigeon.” The mast is raised again; the marksmen stand below in a narrow enclosure and take an almost vertical aim upwards. Many arrows fly, curve gracefully in the air and fall fifty yards and more away in the grass before one black square or brass “pigeon” is hit and flutters in spirals to the ground. The umpire sits at the foot of the mast under a close-meshed wire canopy and calls out the score: a “pigeon” shot down from one of the outer prongs may win a crossbowman as much as 100 francs, from a prong near the mast 50 francs, and so on. An old man wearing a huge straw hat like an umbrella to protect his head from falling arrows or a wire cage for the heavier crossbow “quarrels,” retrieves the spent ammunition and carries it back to the firing point. For hours the difficult sport goes on—a little luck, a lot of skill, a periodic refresher at the *estaminet* which must needs be near. Unbroken from the Middle Ages, this pastime, once of vital import, persists in the villages of Belgium.

“St. George for merry Poperinghe!” The archers are proud of their art, and the crossbowmen are the aristocrats of archery. On occasion they will march out with their weapons and their banner and men to wear on a velvet tabard, back and front, their prize medals for them. Thus they honoured the opening of Talbot House last Easter Day, keeping step across the Square of Pop. to the drums of the Fire Brigade.

The Guilds of Flanders

Behind the Society of St. George of Poperinghe lie centuries of history.* The life of the guilds or confraternities of armed citizens is bound up closely with the story of the towns and communes of West Flanders. And where other

*For what follows I am indebted to that excellent friend of Toc H, M. Lahaye (Burgomaster of Poperinghe), and his Secretary (M. Scartiers), who have provided me with five pages of foolscap notes, written beautifully in French, on the Guilds.

ancient institutions have long since perished by reason of revolution, changing manners or new laws, many of the guilds still flourish because they express natural instincts in the Flemish character. They bore the names of different patron saints, according to the weapons which they used. Poperinghe at one time had four guilds—that of St. Sebastian for the archers (very naturally, for the patron was martyred by arrows shot into him); that of the St. Michael, who defeated the rebel angels with his flaming sword, for the swordsmen; that of St. Andrew for the exponents of the arquebus; and that of St. George (without very obvious reason) for the crossbowmen, the *arbalétriers* armed with the “arbalest.”

Long before the Counts of Flanders and their rival noblemen had organised the defence of growing towns like Ypres, men who lived in the dense forests or marshes of Flanders had felt the necessity of “getting together” for mutual support. This “clubbable” habit, they say, was planted in their new country by the Saxons, the race which descended upon the Belgian coast (long called *Litus Saxonicus*) and colonised it from Boulogne to the mouth of the Scheldt. The name “Guild” was given very early to these armed clubs.* They were in truth a form of “friendly society,” insuring their members against violence, accident, fire, shipwreck and also legal prosecution, no matter whether they were innocent or even admitted guilt. They had their own officers, their common chest for annual subscriptions, their strict rules—not the least remarkable of which was “All rank abandon, ye who enter here”: the prince, the noble, the tradesman, the farm labourer belonged to the same company. In all the wars and tumults of the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries you will find the archers, the crossbowmen, the arquebus fighters and swordsmen on the battlefield, shoulder to shoulder with their fellow guild members. In early days each guild was a law unto itself, but as the Communes grew more conscious of their corporate life and “common law” began to emerge among them, the guilds found themselves forced to come into line, to submit to the common will, to obtain charters in which their rights were defined and their privileges safeguarded. The Communes did not create the guilds, which had existed from time immemorial, but they gave them legal existence.

The Guild of St. George at Poperinghe

The earliest document relating to the Poperinghe guild of crossbowmen is a copy of its charter of 1462, written out by the Apostolic-Imperial notaries Ghislain Sergansaone and William of Saintpol, both then living in the town. This charter, which contains the rules of the society, begins by saying that the Guild had existed for so long that no one could say when it was first founded. So, after all, it is probable enough that its members—in spite of their polite denials to-day—did some efficient sniping at the English soldiers besieging Ypres in 1383!

*Some experts derive it from *Gild* or *Gield*, meaning money (the German *Geld*, the coin *Gilder*) and referring to the “membership subscription”; others from *Hilde* or *Ge-hilde*, the promise or oath by which the fellowship was bound.

Article 2 of the charter lays it down that the officers of the Guild are to be a "Dean" (*doyen*), a Treasurer and Counsellors who are elected annually. There are, besides, to be four Sergeants ("*Dixainiers*") which presumably means N.C.O's commanding sections of ten men) who are to maintain discipline and to instruct the members in the use of their weapons. These Sergeants are bound to attend at the headquarters of the Guild every Sunday under penalty of a fine of two shillings. It is also laid down that members of the guild are not to go on guard with their weapons except under the orders of the two burgomasters and the *échevins* (shall we say "aldermen"?) of the town.

If the Counts of Flanders raised an army in their own country of 10,000 men, Poperinghe was bound to produce 53, of whom one was to be an officer and 12 to be crossbowmen, each with a shield-bearer; this was done at Hem, Nieuport, Dunkerque and Calais.

All those who formed the bench of magistrates in the town had to be enrolled in the Society of St. George. The bench consisted of the two burgomasters, ten *échevins*, 24 councillors and 24 "notables." The Guild also had a chaplain and an altar of its own in the church of St. Bertin, Poperinghe.

In 1650 the Archduke Albert and Archduchess Isabella renewed the letters patent of the Guild. It is there laid down that the members must wear a uniform which they had to renew every year. The obligations imposed on the guilds, and always expressly renewed from time to time, leave no doubt as to their military character. In course of time, however, social changes gradually made the armed intervention of the guilds less important and less frequent, and—though a great many St. Sebastian Societies, or archery clubs, still flourish—nearly all the crossbowmen have long been disbanded. Of the four remaining crossbow guilds in Belgium, the Society of St. George at Poperinghe is one.

The Crossbow in the Great War

Shooting with the crossbow, once a matter of life and death, only exists to-day as a pastime. Nevertheless at the beginning of the War, in 1914-15, the spirit of the crossbowmen of past ages must have leapt suddenly with a long forgotten joy! One fine day the brethren of St. George at Poperinghe were astonished to see the British military authorities requisition their crossbows. They were taken up the line and used to catapult the primitive hand-grenades of the time into German trenches! But they were no match for modern engines of destruction, and it is scarcely likely that they will ever be called upon to shed blood again. Long may they live as the innocent instruments of a "pleasant Sunday afternoon"!



BARCLAY BARON.

FELLOWSHIP OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

THE aim of Toc H, as it appears to a sympathetic outsider, is to band together men who will throw themselves with energy and self-sacrifice into the work of clearing up as far as they can the mess in which the world finds itself. It is an attempt to foster the fighting spirit in the battle against cruelty, dirt and lies, and against perhaps the worst enemy of all—apathy and sloppiness. It is bound in honour to stamp out that rotten spirit, which says “Why doesn’t the Government do something?” or “Yes, it is all very bad, but I can’t help it.”

I am kindly allowed by the Editor to describe a bit of the mess, and the efforts which are being made to deal with it. Every day there come to London boys from all over the United Kingdom. They walk from Aberdeen, from Liverpool, from Cardiff, from Plymouth and a hundred other places in hopes of finding work in London. Over and over again one asks the same question, “Have you got a father?” Again and again comes back the same answer, “No, he was killed in the War.” Sometimes to that is added the information that the boy has got a stepfather, but he would be much better in these cases if he had not. Many are boys who have been brought up in institutions and have nobody to whom they can turn when they get out of work. Sometimes a silly boy runs away from a good home; sometimes a decent boy leaves home rather than be a drag upon a widowed mother. Like the rest of us they are a mixture of good and evil, of sense and stupidity, but one does not expect, or ought not to expect, the wisdom of Solomon at the age of sixteen. Whatever may be the causes which have brought them to London, they are all alike in being very lonely and pretty helpless. Their clothes are usually worn out, and more often than not they have sold their overcoats in order to get some food. In spite of all the good work done by St. Martins-in-the-Fields, the S.O.S., the Church Army and other similar societies, there are still numbers of boys sleeping out night after night on the Embankment or in Trafalgar Square. Now it is all very well to camp out in the summer, but one would not choose Trafalgar Square to do it in, and in the winter it is a very different proposition, particularly when the future holds out no prospects of anything better. Young boys have been found trying to take their lives in order to put an end to this misery. This may all sound rather exaggerated, but it only has to be seen to be believed. None of these boys are eligible for the “dole” for various reasons, sometimes because they have not a fixed abode from which to qualify for it.

As so often happens when there is a man’s work to be done, a woman turns up and does it. For nearly three years a woman has been going out night after night in all weathers, finding these boys and doing all she can to relieve their needs. Living as simply as possible and devoting all her spare money, together with what she would extract from her friends, Miss Allen has managed to rescue a number of these boys and put them on their feet. She has never been content merely with relieving their immediate needs by providing them with beds and food; her aim has always been to put them on their feet again and make them self-supporting. For a time she bought bed-tickets for shelters run by the Church

Army, The Salvation Army and so on, provided the boys with a certain amount of clothing and food and set about finding them jobs. With her very inadequate means, and with the Embankment as her office, she succeeded in rescuing numbers of boys from ruin and in making decent citizens of them.

The Hostel

In August, 1930, the Fellowship of St. Christopher, which she founded to help the work, managed to open a hostel for these boys. Toc H helped to find the house, and the Fellowship settled into its new quarters at 27, Upper East Smithfield, E.1, just behind the Mint. The house is only a small one and houses 14 boys, but at the time the Fellowship was a small struggling concern and it could not not embark on more extensive enterprises. It was important to get the work going in order that people might see it for themselves if help on a bigger scale were to be forthcoming. However, even in these cramped premises, much has been accomplished. Since the end of August, 1930, 180 boys have been put into jobs, and 34 restored to their homes. The Fellowship has made many new members and friends, and it has managed to collect enough money to make a further advance in the work possible.

And the Boys who Live in It

A magistrate the other day was criticising a similar work in the police court. He said that men ought not to be encouraged to flock to London from all parts without any prospect of work, for they would only fall upon the local rates. Nobody, least of all St. Christopher's, *encourages* people to tramp to London on the chance of finding something to do, but when they do come something must be done for them. St. Christopher's is concerned to do the best it can for each boy who comes. It tries not to be too cut and dried in its methods, and not to be more institutional than it can help. The *first* thing, therefore, that the warden of the hostel does when a new boy is admitted, is to try to discover what his home is like. The truth does not always come out at the *first* enquiry, but it does not usually take long to get at it. Then he tries to get the boy back home if that is at all likely to be advantageous, and, as we have said, more than 30 boys have been restored to their homes. One was a public school boy, who had run away in a silly fit, another was an Italian from Dundee, whose father and uncle came down to fetch him home. Another boy, whose father was in a mental home, ran away from his mother, and although the B.B.C. had broadcast an S.O.S., police stations had been informed and articles had appeared in newspapers about him, he was eventually admitted to St. Christopher's, and within a few hours of his admission his mother was on her way to London to take him home again, and he is now happily in work.

In the majority of cases, though, it is useless to try to get the boy home again, and then work has to be found. Here again the warden has been successful in placing a number of boys in work in different parts of the country, whenever possible in jobs where they will live in; the remainder have been found work in London. The hostel never turns a boy out as long as he behaves himself

reasonably until he is in work and has drawn his *first* week's money. There is therefore no time limit, and though some boys are provided for in a few days, others stay weeks and even months.

The hostel is run as economically as possible, but without either stinting the boys' appetites or sweating the staff. They have a solid breakfast in the morning, not the coffee and bread and margarine of the casual ward, and then they are sent out early to the Labour Exchange or to some prospective employer, furnished with a big hunk of corned beef or cheese made into a sandwich for lunch. In the evening they always have a hot dinner, usually with a joint, and as much as they can eat. Their wardrobes are replenished as far as possible, and they are quite unrecognisable after a few days in the hostel. The food bill for the 14 boys, the staff, and numerous guests and old boys comes to about £4 a week.

The Fellowship tries to keep in touch with the boys when they have left as far as possible, and Miss Allen is still going on with her work on the Embankment, and is actually helping more than the 14 who are living in the hostel. It has been found advisable to confine the hostel to boys between the ages of 15 and 18, but others are helped outside as far as funds permit, and care is taken to avoid overlapping with other agencies. In fact, many boys are sent from St. Martin's shelter before they actually sleep out in the streets, and there is friendly co-operation with the S.O.S.

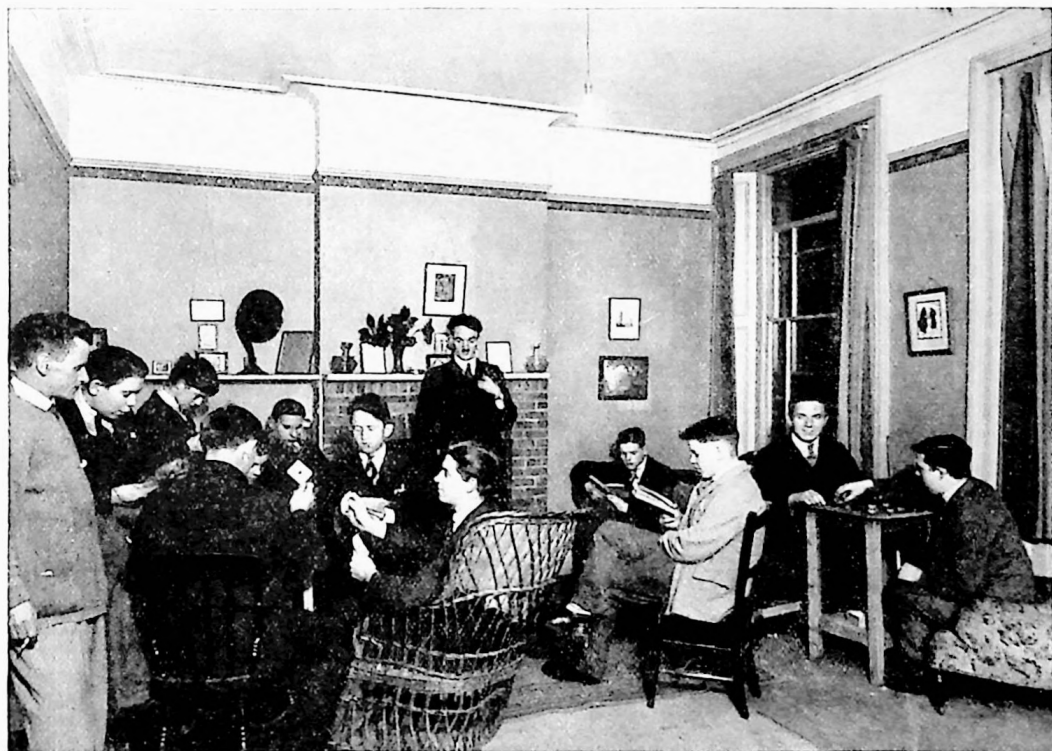
The Greater Problem

Although the Fellowship may justly rejoice in having been able to put a number of destitute boys on their feet, it is only touching the fringe of the problem, and unfortunately not all of those boys who have found work have kept it. Many boys can only be placed in hotel work at wages varying between 13s. and 25s. a week, and anybody will agree that it is not easy to keep oneself on so small a sum. Moreover, a period of unemployment is not the best preparation for work, and boys of 16 or 17 still need a good deal of looking after. The Fellowship's greatest need at the moment is for another house, in which boys can live when they are in work and pay according to their means. Such houses exist already, but they are all full and there is plenty of room for more. A recent large donation has just made it possible for the Fellowship to consider this project seriously, and negotiations are in progress for the purchase of a freehold house. This should house 30 boys or more, and provide a much better centre for after care than is to be had in the noise and dirt of Upper East Smithfield. It is hoped that this may be opened in the autumn.

Here, then, is a chance for Toc H jobmasters to find a scope for their members. The Fellowship already owes much to Toc H. The founder was at the opening of the first hostel and is a valued member of the council; Padre Moore has given of his scanty spare time as honorary chaplain, and many individual members have visited and helped the hostel. All institutions are an evil; but unfortunately they are a necessary evil. St. Christopher's does want the institutional side of things kept to a minimum, and it is trying to develop the big brother idea. Can Toc H members adopt one of St. Christopher's guests? They would not, and should not, give much or any money, but could not a Toc H member undertake



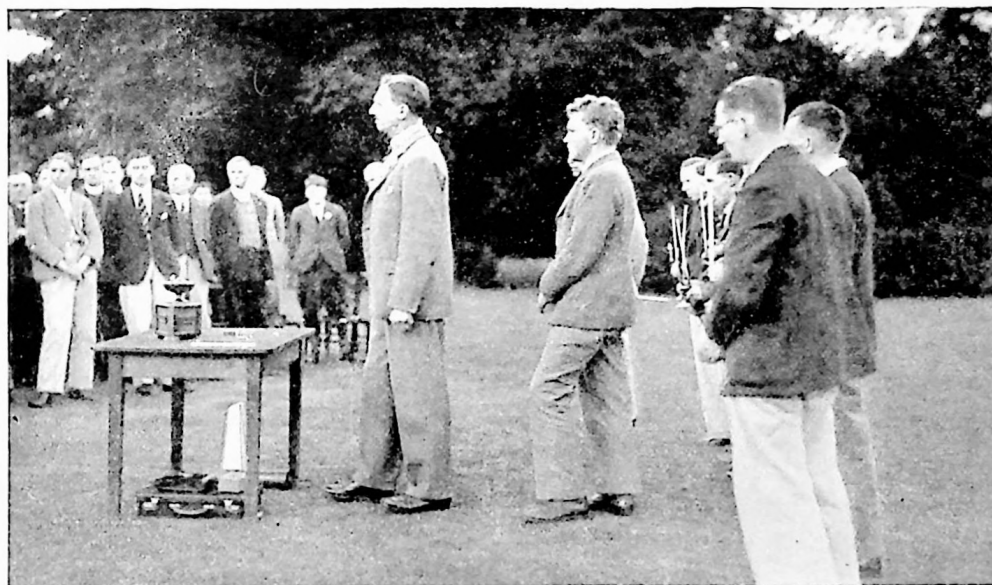
"The Family" outside the Hostel.



An Evening in the Lounge.

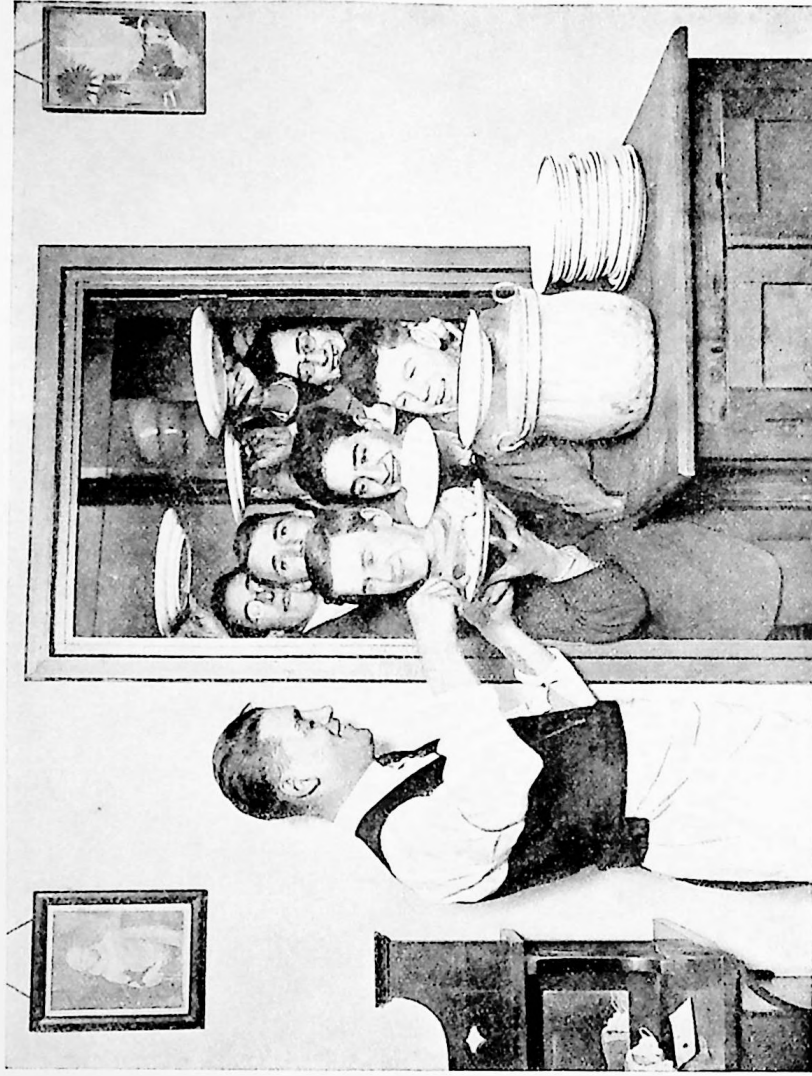


HERTS. AND BEDS. DISTRICT RALLY AT HARPENDEN : Barkis declaims from the top left after his audience has been successful in obtaining the lunch rations, for which they are patiently waiting below. LONDON JOBMASTERS AT RADLETT : At the bottom left 'Tubby and Rex provoke discussion under a shady tree not far from the Jobmasters' Camp seen above.



THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT RALLY AT MARLOW.

A photographic record of the Ceremonies of Light and Initiation are scarcely possible indoors, but the opportunity presented itself on a summer's evening at Marlow. Above Barkis presents a new member with his button-hole badge at the end of initiation, and, below, says the words of Light. The lamp-lighter, Giles Alington (Eton College), stands behind him.



"Dinner Up!"

to look upon one of these boys as a younger brother, keep in touch with him and help with friendliness and occasional advice, and let him feel that there is somebody in the world who really cares for him, and will not patronise him or treat him as a case, but as a human being?

Any members of Toc H are welcome at any time at the hostel, in 27, Upper East Smithfield, behind the Mint and close to All Hallows. They can then see for themselves what is being done and can talk to the boys, who are quite ready to relate their experiences. Miss Allen is always glad to let people accompany her on her tour of the Embankment every night, and that is an enlightening experience. Most of us have no idea that these things exist unless they are shown to us. The Fellowship publishes a quarterly paper, called *St. Christopher*, which is obtainable from the secretary, Miss Hickie, Fellowship of St. Christopher, 35, Wood Street, S.W.1, for 1s. 2d. per annum, and any further information may also be obtained from her.

C. L. GAGE-BROWN.

GERMANY

FIVE German members of Toc H attended the Festival in London in June—Hans Arnheim, Max Hienerwadel, and Hans Lindau from Berlin “Grove,” Erich Witter from Hamburg “Grove,” and Walther Richter from Freiburg. Their visit was in part made possible by Toc H pilgrims to Oberammergau for the Passion Play last year, who, in return for the many kindnesses they received in Germany, subscribed to a guest fund to enable German members to meet their travelling expenses to London. Erich Witter joined the South-Eastern Area Pilgrimage to Poperinghe (see p. 314) on his way home to Hamburg, and was able to express his feelings about Toc H in the Old House itself. The others have all written letters about their visit since. We quote (in translation) from one of these: “Now that several weeks have passed since the Toc H Festival and I can look back and let those days in London pass once more before my mind’s eye, I realise how many impressions of England, of London, and especially of Toc H and its ways I have been able to bring home. I thank you again most sincerely that you made it possible for me to gain these impressions. So far as in me lies I will try to work here in the spirit of Toc H.

“Up to now we in Berlin are only a small Group. We are in favour of having a few people who have made up their minds and will come to practical grips with the task, rather than many men who chatter and only join Toc H for the sake of certain advantages. Our field of work also cannot be the same as in England, since the conditions of society and of social work stand on a different footing from the English, and since our means are now very limited. Beyond initiating and carrying on an exchange of periodicals between German and English secondary schools, and on occasion small collections of food and clothing for poor families commended to us by the Ministry of Welfare, which we have distributed at Christmas and Easter, we have not been able as yet to carry out many jobs.

“Our members and friends up to now have belonged entirely to student circles or, in a few cases, are men who have some special interest in England. I am indeed the first German to become a Toc H member without having previously visited England. If we want Toc H to grow in Germany, we must above all win to it men from other circles than those merely interested in England, especially men who belong to the non-university type, tradespeople, manual workers, etc., as in the case in the English Toc H. And in the immediate future that shall be the goal of my own personal efforts—to win men from all sides to Toc H.”

“ . . IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND IN RAIN ”

AS is fairly well known, Toc H in Western Australia has adopted a system of provisional Groups, whereby a small nucleus of men wishing to form a Group serve a period of probation, reporting progress regularly to the Extension Division until such progress has been made as to warrant the establishing of one.

Whatever drawbacks the system may have it has at least helped to keep the movement stable—since no Group is officially formed until it has, to some extent, its feet firm and hands busy and the men who form it have, at any rate, some clear and definite knowledge of the history, aims, and spirit of our great movement. When the provisional Group shows that it is ready to launch out as a fully fledged Group, it receives a Rushlight from Headquarters which is lit at a special Guest-night with simple ceremony. The lighting ceremony is as a rule performed by the President of Toc H W.A., and in this country this means a journey of anything from a hundred to six hundred miles. In performing this duty our late beloved President, Sir William Campion, has travelled many, sometimes weary, miles, and our new President, Sir Talbot Hobbs, whose love for the movement, and zeal on its behalf, is a source of great joy to us all, has already commenced his work in this direction: three journeys he has already made have involved him in journeys totalling well over a thousand miles.

If any readers of this feel that we are not quite right in our methods let them think what it means to a small Group, in an outback settlement of our great State, to receive a visit from men like Sir William or Sir Talbot, a visit which would perhaps not be made if it were not for our system. They go forward encouraged and helped to keep the light burning, and the people of the neighbourhood who witness the ceremony realise that Toc H is something more than a small local show, that it has not merely a state-wide influence, but is also linked in one great unity around the world.

Two Hundred Miles to a Guest-night

Recently a small body of provisional members at a small siding town rejoicing in the name of Nungarin, 200 miles from Perth, gave every indication to the State Executive that they were worthy to be entrusted with a Rushlight, and that in their hands the reputation and good name of Toc H would be perfectly safe. Accordingly, a day being fixed, the President, General Sir Talbot Hobbs, with Padre King, arranged to make the journey for the official lighting. They were accompanied by Captain F. M. Hobbs, of the Indian Army, now home on leave, and anxious to see some of the outback, and the General's chauffeur, who had driven Sir Talbot many miles in France when the General was a Divisional Commander. With Captain Hobbs at the wheel the party left Perth at 10 a.m. in a fine Hillman car. The weather was as bad as it could be. Some readers of the JOURNAL may remember Simon Campion's graphic description of a trip to Geraldton in December, 1929, when the temperature was over 120 in the shade. This time it was exactly the opposite. It had been raining hard for about five days and was still pouring. However, good time was made, and when a halt was called for lunch by the roadside an average speed of 30 m.p.h. had been maintained, which speaks well for the driving skill of Captain Hobbs, when we take into account the long climb over the ranges out of Perth and the state of the roads, gradually becoming worse the farther we got from the capital. On resuming the journey all went well for an hour and then some slight trouble occurred in the electrical part of the engine—it will be obvious that the writer knows nothing about motor cars—for the heavy pouring rain from above, combined with the splashing from below, had caused water to get where it should not. However, the Captain and chauffeur got the car going for ten miles, when she stopped again. By this time it was raining in torrents. There was, of course, no shelter, and in spite of repeated efforts on the part of our experts the car refused to move. The sound of an approaching

car fell gladly on the ears of the party. It was going in the direction we wanted to go, and, with that courtesy and good will which characterise the commercial traveller of this State, the two "knights of the road," who were on their rounds in their car, produced a rope and kindly offered to tow us to Wyalkatchem, five or six miles distant. Being the fat man of the party the Padre was put in the towing car to lighten the burden a little. It was no easy task to pull two tons along the heavy road up hill as well as down, but it was done and speaks well for the car which did the work. (Do not read into this that the Padre weighs two tons. He does not—yet.)

The Sun Doesn't always Shine in W.A.

Arriving thus ignominiously into Wyalkatchem the garage was sought out, and while the experts assisted the proprietor to locate the mischief, the General and the Padre walked along the village street to wire news of our progress—or lack of it—to Nungarin. As they stood under a veranda watching the teeming rain and the streams flowing down the street, and vainly trying to keep warm, they were recognised by the local Methodist Minister and taken to the house of one who is, with others, seeking to establish a provisional Group. Here a welcome cup of tea was provided and the prospects of Toc H in the township discussed. That cup of tea had to last for eight hours, as it was 11.30 before the next meal was partaken of. But of that more anon. An hour later our car was declared fit for the road and we left at 4.45 in a deluge of rain, to cover the remaining 48 miles of our journey, on roads which were rapidly becoming dangerous. For ten miles we went famously, and then, to our sorrow, the engine again ceased to function. It was already past the time of our first engagement, a reception by the local Road Board at five o'clock, and as darkness was setting in and we were still nearly 40 miles from Nungarin, the Padre set off along the road to try and establish telephonic communication with the waiting people at the other end. A few miles along the road he came to a railway siding and near it a small store and post office, which to his dismay was in darkness. However, he found the postmaster and proceeded to ring up for relief. Padre Courtenay set out from Nungarin to Trayning, a township half way between the marooned party and Nungarin, and a car left Trayning at the same time to bring them to that place. This done, the Padre secured a Rugby truck to return to the General and the experts whom he had left trying to get the car going. It was, of course, quite dark by this time. The driver of the truck was new to the game and clearly had "the wind up," as we say in Australia; which, of course, makes his kindness in complying with the Padre's request all the greater. They had not proceeded far before the Padre shared the fears of the driver. That truck went all ways along the slippery road. Usually it was proceeding like a crab despite the desperate efforts of the driver to keep it head on to the road. However, the short journey was accomplished, and leaving the Captain and chauffeur in charge of the car, which still refused to go, the General and the Padre returned in the truck to wait at the siding for the first of the relief cars. This arrived at 7.30. It was showing only one light but it was good to see it and get in and be on the move again. At one stage the single light failed, and for an awful moment the passengers wondered what would happen in the black darkness—it being impossible for the driver to see anything, and by this time the road was little better than a bush track. After drying something the light again functioned. With a brief halt at Yelbeni, where a good mechanic was found and sent back to the broken-down car, Trayning was reached at 8.30.

Here Padre Courtenay was waiting with his Ford to take the party the remaining 21 miles to Nungarin. He assured the travellers that all was well as he had taken the precaution of putting chains around his tyres. The chains certainly helped to keep the car on the road, but after proceeding about three miles, one piece of chain came adrift, and as the Padre did not think of stopping for such a detail, the noise it made each time it hit the mudguard coming round was rather disconcerting, and when a piece of chain on the other rear wheel followed suit the noise

was nearly deafening. Still, the car kept on, and Nungarin was reached at 9.45. After a was and quick change into Toc H togs the visitors went at once to the meeting, which had been singing community songs and so forth for two hours. The lighting ceremony went off without a hitch. No one could have imagined that the President had been without food—and then only a few sandwiches—since midday, or that he had been buffeted on a terrible road, worried at failing to keep his appointment. The Rushlight lit, new members initiated, and speeches made, the meeting came to an end about 11.20. The General and Padre King were then taken charge of by the Road Board and Returned Soldiers Association and entertained at a dinner at 11.30 that was to have been held at six. Whether the original dinner had been kept hot or a fresh one cooked, the weary pilgrims did not know, but it was a good dinner and, needless to say, well enjoyed. Of course there were more speeches, and once again the General spoke in a feeling and eloquent manner to the men who had shared with him the honours of war.

Marooned

“And so to bed,” as the immortal Pepys puts it, with only one anxiety: how were the two left with the car faring? The next morning Captain Hobbs rang up from Trayning to say that the defect in the car had been remedied by the mechanic, the car brought as far as Yelbeni and left in charge of the chauffeur, while he had been brought on to the hotel at Trayning, where he spent the night. The General advised him to stay where he was owing to the awful state of the road, and that he and Padre King would get a car to take them to Trayning. Another good-hearted commercial traveller, hearing of the difficulty, at once offered to take them there in his car.

The journey from Nungarin to Trayning in the morning light revealed what had been hidden in the darkness of the night before. At one spot the driver pointed out his tracks of the previous evening where his car had gone off the road at a direct right angle and only just pulled up in time, and later Captain Hobbs said he had had the same experience when driving into Yelbeni.

A Crash and Rescue Work

The General's car had come in to Trayning and at 11 a.m. the united party set out to return to Perth. The journey was not without incident. In the daylight it was possible to detect the bad slippery parts of the road better, but even so there were times when only the skill of Captain Hobbs at the wheel saved the party from crashing into a tree or fence, and the utmost vigilance had to be maintained for some hours. A startling reminder of the dangers of the road met the party about noon. On a long straight stretch they saw, in the distance, an overturned car, and as they approached they thought at first that it had overturned probably the day before, and had been missed in the darkness of the previous night. They were, however, horrified to see an arm protruding from beneath feebly waving, and on rushing to the overturned vehicle discovered on the other side, a hand against the side curtain. With the strength born of desperation the side curtains were torn off and two men were dragged from the debris almost unhurt. The tracks showed where the car had skidded from the road, turned off at a right angle and then hitting a bank had overturned. The smashed bonnet was resting on the bank, and this had undoubtedly saved the lives of the two men. It was fortunate that the car did not catch on fire as there were six tins of petrol in the back. After doing their best for the unfortunates our party left one of them in charge of the ruins and took the other man on to the next township, where he obtained help. The journey homewards was then continued with very little further incident, beyond helping another motorist by the road side. By three o'clock better roads were reached, but the last two hours were spent in peering through a deluge of rain to endeavour to see them, Perth was reached just before six.

Tired as the General was, he had to remain in the city to preside over a meeting of the State Executive, while the Padre went on to his parish seven miles beyond to perform a similar duty at a vestry meeting. These lines are penned on the certainty that the rest of the family will be interested in the difficulties under which the work is carried on in this country of tremendous distances, and the sure knowledge of the joy of all that in spite of those difficulties the movement which God has certainly made, continues to grow.

And They Ask for More

Since returning to Perth, the Padre—who is also secretary of the extension division—has received a letter from the Trayning Provisional Group informing him that the stalwarts there will soon be asking for their Rushlight, but he is of the opinion that however soon it is granted by the State Executive, it is not likely that the official lighting of it will take place during the winter.

H. E. KING.

“PILGRYMS WERE THEY ALLE”

Week by week all through this Spring, Summer and Autumn, Talbot House at Poperinghe receives its guests and sends them not empty away. It is clearly impossible to report all the “Pop. Pilgrimages” in these pages. Let the following account of a June week-end spent there by members from the South-Eastern Area, led by Gilbert Williams and Garner Freeston, stand as an example of what so many are enjoying.

“ . . . was come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sundry folk, by aventure i-falle
In fellowship, and pilgrymys were they alle . . . ”

The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

IN that valuable handbook “The Old House,” written as a supplement to the December, 1930, JOURNAL, the question is asked, speaking of the Old House, “What use is to be made of this remarkable possession?” and the answer is given, “It is to be a training place, made more significant by the immense background of the Salient and the history of the Elder Brethren who passed over there, a centre where young Toc H members, the likely leaders of the future, may come for conference, inspiration, refreshment of mind and spirit, a power-house of serving men.”

Such was the spirit in which 29 members of the South Eastern Area made pilgrimage to Poperinghe, the second the Area has undertaken, one week-end in mid-June.

The team was carefully chosen, a typical Toc H Zoo with its diversity of age, temperament, education, and calling, including two overseas members, Bill Wilson from Uganda who spoke at the Family gathering at the Festival, and Jock Campbell from Natal. History was also made at this week-end: for the first time a German entered Talbot House, for Erich Witter, a member of the Hamburg Group who was also present at the Festival, was amongst the Pilgrims.

True Toc H hospitality, in the person of a padre of the Scaman's Mission, met us on arrival at Dunkerque. Ablutions and brekker were followed by midget explorations of this modern and thriving port. One interesting discovery was an ancient tombstone on the left of the door in the Cathedral, showing the double cross and also a well-defined Toc H Lamp. One member lost no time in doing his daily Good Turn in rescuing an open basket of some thirty chirping young chicks, at one franc apiece, from being toppled over on to the ground from a bench, their owner being far too busily engaged in a heated defence of her right to her stand in the market-place, unaware that her property was on the point of being scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Nine o'clock saw the pilgrims assembled for the first corporate act of the Pilgrimage—a short service of preparation in the Institute Chapel. The keynote of the whole week-end was sounded here. We realised that our visit was to have a purpose and a mission, that it was, in fact, a Pilgrimage.

A motor-bus now received the twenty-nine to convey them to Poperinghe. It is quite evident that Belgians either stand up in a 'bus or have long bodies and short legs, or perhaps they haven't any knees at all. Anyhow there was definitely no knee room; even the shortest sat sideways, and Gilbert, of course, was continually moving his position, ostensibly to talk to people.

Discovery Across the Threshold

At last we are actually crossing the threshold of the Old House, a place familiar already in our minds from much reading and imaginings. Here is the very entrance hall into which thousands of men came to find quiet, rest, refreshment and recreation, leaving outside the word of command and the machine of which the man was a mere unit—here was a home. From the moment one entered, the feeling was constantly present that the place was thronged with these silent thousands. The whole company was surprised by the size and pretentiousness of the House: no one had thought that there were four stories, no one had expected to find so many or such large rooms. The palatial entrance hall and the miniature park, the so-called garden, complete with gold-fish, aviary (even though it did contain chicken) lawns and shrubberies, orchard, summer-house, and even a monkey tree, was in itself such a surprise, that the imposing Ablutionary Edifice, the Slessorium, was not too much of a shock. Someone said that more water was used there that morning than in all Pop—very probably—but is there another house in Belgium with an artesian well and shower baths?

After lunch (at Skindles, of course) the 'bus was again requisitioned for a pilgrimage to historic points in the history of the Salient and of Toc H; Kemmel Hill was the first stopping-place where the story in which that vantage point figured was again told by some of the older Pilgrims who had taken part in it. Despite the heat haze, the immense military value of Kemmel was easily appreciated. Lone Tree Crater and the Pool of Peace were next visited. The summer afternoon shed its own peaceful beauty on the spot, and only a roll of rusty barbed wire was a reminder of its former history.

Saying the words of Remembrance around Gilbert Talbot's Grave—beautifully simple with its one symbolic blood red rose—was an experience that touched and ennobled. The silence of rededication was a sure milestone of reality in the hearts of the Pilgrims there. A few yards away a portion of Sanctuary Wood is preserved—trenches oozing mud, blasted trees, shell holes, barbed wire and the rusty impedimenta of war lying about. All this in marked contrast to the peaceful cultivated corn-laden land near by, for Nature had done but little to cover the scars where man had not done his share. It is a most interesting fact to observe—the country generally shows but little signs of war unless it be in the absence of old trees. Man has levelled and brought back the land to its proper use, and Nature has afterwards blessed with vegetation and beauty. This is surely a parable for Toc H. If Man will but work to remedy the disasters and mistakes he has made in the history of mankind, God will inspire and sanctify.

After the Canadian Memorial had been visited, the journey was continued to Hill 60. Its insignificance and low eminence made it hard to believe it had been of strategic importance. One rather regrets the growth of wooden souvenir booths and tea houses on spots of hallowed memories, but all was forgiven here for the shanty owner was able to make a good English cup of tea, and many Pilgrims even managed to make the teapot produce four. Just here will soon be visible, at the cost of three francs per head, an original preserved piece of the line—they were digging the trenches that afternoon and a heap of rusty relics and souvenirs were ready for disposal to help the deception!

"Light"—for the Other Side

On our way to Tyne Cot, a pilgrimage was made to a German cemetery, simple and austere with the seven Tau-shaped tall black crosses against the skyline—a sevenfold keynote of Sacrifice. In half the cemetery there were no crosses but simple plaques flat on the grass bearing the names of the Fallen, the other half containing black individual crosses. Here Gilbert spoke and told of that other German cemetery where there is a square memorial on which is written in four languages, "The Sword divides, the Cross Unites," and then the words of remembrance were said for those of the "other side." It was a poignant moment, saddened by the thought of the awful futility of war and gladdened by the knowledge that Toc H in its Christian fellowship could override the bounds of national barriers and unite in a true brotherhood of men. Nobody marvelled at Erich's inability to say more than "All right, all right."

Could any mourner stand in Tyne Cot Cemetery and be still embittered? Here is no Sacrifice, it is Triumph and Peace. A perfect summer evening, silence broken only by a festal evensong of the birds, and just an enormous garden. Thousands of graves, twelve thousand in fact, the greater majority of them of men under 19, here and there a lonely German soldier, many hundreds of those simple head-stones "Known unto God," and that beautiful stone structure at the back of it all, with its majestic and terrifying roll of 34,000 names of those whose bodies were denied burial. What were the thoughts of the 29 as they wandered around alone in the presence of this mighty company—perhaps the service they left undone will be fulfilled more truly after the vision of Tyne Cot?

St. Julien's brooding Canadian Soldier Monument was a fitting end to the afternoon's pilgrimage. The older men had retraversed scenes of former days in company with many of the Elder Brethren. Half-forgotten incidents and faces had been revived, and familiar names seen on tombstones. The younger men brought face to face and bewildered by the unimagined wastage of life. . . . It was enough.

Evening

After dinner, the story of the Old House was retold on the spot, foundation members taking us round the rooms and repeopleing them once again. Then we rose floor by floor and around the Lamp first lit at the Chain of Light last December, Light was again said, and then—up the steep Jacob's ladder to the Upper Room. It was all so very familiar. We had not come to a strange place—here was the centre of the House, but there was an overpowering sense of unworthiness that was felt by all. We understood why we had been requested to refrain from going to the Upper Room until this moment following the history of the lower floors, and rising in more senses than one to this shrine, lit as of old time with candles. In the short service that followed—one of thanksgiving for the Room—Gilbert helped us to look at the events of the day in their true importance and significance, and Bunyan's Pilgrim Hymn took on new meaning.

The next morning we again forgathered in the Upper Room for the Communion. Then many fellows found their complexities of the previous day resolved. There we were privileged to share the same Chalice that was used throughout the war, and which bears the inscription "He was seen of above 5,000 brethren, some are fallen asleep." The feelings of this service are too sacred to be committed to paper, but they will be treasured in the hearts of all those privileged to be there.

After breakfast, an informal conference was held in the new library. Although so close to events experienced, it was thought unwise to lose the opportunity of returning to England without having made some attempt to express our impressions and to solve the difficulties they presented. A most unusual and interesting (perhaps un-English) hour and a half was spent, when the young courageously put the thoughts that the visits to the cemeteries had brought to them. Who can wonder at the confusion of thought of seeing the awful wastage of life in just

a half-dozen of the 150 cemeteries of the Salient. And so the young members spoke, and the men who had served—the elder—were able to serve the younger, and indeed were helped themselves in hearing the problems of youth in this particular aspect. A discussion of this sort cannot but fail to impress and make more real our job of service amongst men for the spreading of the Kingdom. At the close Erich spoke most impressively about the difficulties facing Toc H in Germany, and how he, as a philosopher, saw in Toc H something that the whole world needed. It was also encouraging to all of us to hear what an inspiration the Pilgrimage was to him and his appreciation of the fellowship which he had experienced from all.

After lunch, not forgetting the native Poperinghe strawberries, the party trained to Ypres. Who will forget the enormous Belgian's face (he must have held the world's record for talking), when he at last realised that Erich was a German, after he had been slating the Germans and French for all he was worth during the whole journey. We all left good friends, however. At Ypres, some visited the graves of fathers, brothers and friends, some took taxis and explored spots full of memories of exploits in days of war—hardly distinguishable now in the growth of the new countryside. Some explored Ypres and its fine Cathedral or listened to the new organ that was consecrated that Sunday afternoon and the organ recital by two eminent Belgian musicians. Some visited the museum, some got wet through, but the majority found themselves conveniently near a tea shop during the whirlwind, dust and thunderstorm that lasted a short 20 minutes. We gathered again, however, safe and sound for dinner at the Ypres Skindles, after which the *rendezvous* was the Menin Gate at 9 p.m. for the Last Post by Belgian buglers. On the lawns about this beautiful structure with its further 54,000 names of unfound Elder Brethren, we said our final Family Prayers, and, in the beautiful quiet of a summer evening, followed our way around the ramparts to the Lille Gate, calling at the charming small cemetery there. Farewells were then said to Bill of Uganda and Erich, who was returning to Hamburg—and so to Poperinghe and Dunkerque for home.

The next morning each returned once again after this brief two days' absence to his place in the world, fortified with a new vision and a new purpose in standing by the Elder Brethren in the work of spreading the Kingdom.

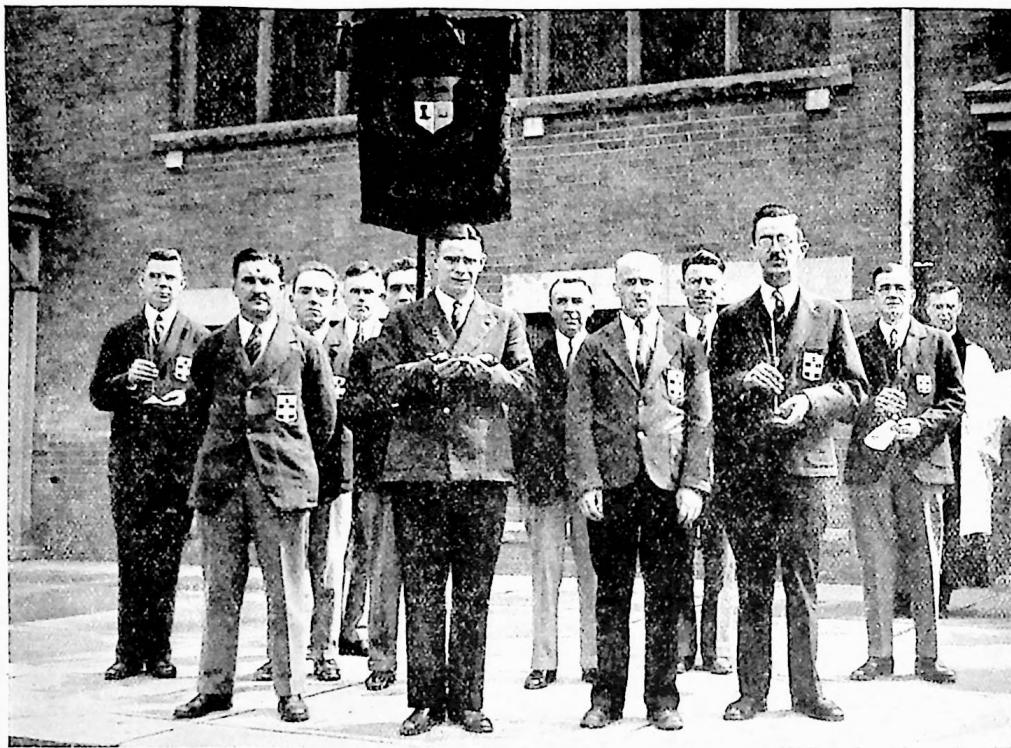
R. E. M.

A Pilgrim's Impressions

A member of this party—and he speaks for very many other pilgrims—wrote afterwards: "It may be useful to you to have the impressions of one who knew the House in the War years. They are, that the atmosphere of the Old House is independent of material objects or of the preservation of the rooms in their original state. Such a 'museum' could appeal only to a dwindling number. The brightness, space and simple comfort which has transformed the House from a soldier's club into a civilian retreat seems to me to be just what is wanted in order that the House should fulfil its purpose. The craving for the 'original state' is perfectly satisfied in the Upper Room; but I expect the appeal here is due as much to its intrinsic beauty as to its unchangedness. I was most profoundly impressed with the value of such a pilgrimage, and therefore of the Old House as a Toc H possession. Its evident use, too, to the younger members rather surprised me. It is difficult to know how far Flanders and its associations can continue to appeal to people who were too young to serve, and who will soon be too young to know intimately anyone who served. I can't help feeling that Inge is right in saying that history shows that no movement of a particular kind can survive those who have actually associated with its founders; and I don't see that the particular 'Elder Brethren' basis of Toc H can indefinitely survive. But if the Old House can be a source of inspiration for another twenty or thirty years, it will have done a noble work . . . As someone who had been on a previous pilgrimage said to me, nobody who has had this privilege could ever be quite the same afterwards."



ABOVE: Tyne Cot Cemetery. CENTRE: A Pilgrimage Group outside the old and new walls of Ypres Cathedral, with members from the South-Eastern Area, Uganda and Natal, and a German Scout; the Canadian Memorial at St. Julien; Gilbert Talbot's Grave. BELOW: A German Cemetery near Passchendaele; the Pilgrimage on Mount Kemmel.



A Group taken at the Birthday Thanksgiving of Toc H Ontario at Toronto, on May 10.



The Group at Malta.

"ALL YOU RING YOU HAVE"

TOC H-ING sometimes appears to be much like some of the old games we used to play at country fairs when we were very young, and to some of us perhaps like the fair itself—with roundabouts, swings and switchbacks—taking our money for a few minutes' enjoyment and a lot of noise. Hoop-la, aunt sally, coconut-shies and the rest; most of them just combinations of skill and chance, with chance a good first.

Take hoop-la, for instance, a game still loved by all showmen—for the good profits it brings—and by organisers of church fetes and what not for the very same reason. Chance, quite a lot of it. Chance, very often most of it.

You pay your sixpence for a dozen hoops—or are they seven for sixpence?—and you don't care two hoots whether or not you get anything in return, until you have spent quite a lot of sixpences and have got heartily fed up with the game. Such is the "fun of the fair." Hoop-la is a rare profit-maker. Ask the Parochial Church Treasurer about it, or ask the youngster who dexterously hooks back, with a crooked stick and a bored "*You'll-never-win-anything-at-hoop-la*" air, those hoops you throw with such abandon.

Chance! Yes, quite a lot of it is chance. So is guessing the weight of the cake or the number of peas in a bottle. But skill enters when you have spent a few sixpences more than you intended. For you get tired of *playing* at winning something and you most likely have another "bob's-worth" just to see what you *can* do. You swear that with that final shilling you will win a vase or a box of chocolates; and in that "bob's-worth" you somehow begin to realise that there *are* tricks in the game, after all. "All you ring you have." And then suddenly you find yourself with a gaudily painted vase of the Wool and Worth variety or a box of chocolates that would blush if ever they arrived within hailing distance of Bournville. Still, there you are, for all the poorness of the quality of vase or chocolates. You have got the thing that you had hoped to get, or at the worst something that was near it on the board.

Isn't a lot of this Toc H-ing on a par with going to the fair and playing hoop-la and riding a bucking roundabout broncho and having a shy at the aunt sally? Wasn't it like that when some of us first came into it?

"Let's chance sixpence," some of us said. "Let's have a shot at this new Toc H business. Come on; all the fun of the fair, lads. Let's stay till closing time." But closing time never came, and some of us are still in the fair ground wondering what to do next. And some of us have been messing around at hoop-la stalls, aunt sallies, coconut-shies and the rest ever since, without sticking at anything long enough to get a hoop-la hoop over anything so commonplace as a Wool and Worth vase or to throw a ball so deadly true as to knock off a milky coconut. After all, even a vase by Wool and Worth has its uses in a Family Room, especially if someone has the good sense to fill it with flowers and to keep them fresh from time to time. And a box of such queer things as inferior chocolates has often bridged the gulf between happiness and sadness that lies in the too often unexplored country of the heart of a child.

No, we visit the fair and too often spend our time and our "tanners" on too much of a mixture instead of training ourselves to some semblance of skilfulness with a hoop or a ball.

I know this doesn't concern you, for you have been in Toc H too long—far too long—to need any moral tonic of this kind or any part-time training in hoop-la. But some blokes might. And you might want it some day.

Let us be specialists. It's worth while risking, even if it merely makes us skilful enough to get the hoop of know-ability over the personality-vase of the man we "never could get on with"—"old So-and-So," for instance. Ah!

We needn't pay even sixpence for the privilege of throwing a snappy hoop, for the only hoop with which we have to play—without the blare of the band and the glare of the arc lights—is the too-often unbending qualities we call self. And, anyhow, who ever won that Wool and Worth vase from the other chap's hoop-la board without first bending himself into something like a hoop?

There is this about it: The more we *try* our real skill and stop at merely wasting time and "tanners," the more likely are we to *develop* real skill and the less likely are we to look at Toc H—from the fastness of our respectability, very often—with all its "fun of the fair" as a game of chance. ZED.

THE BLIND SHALL SEE

THERE is an individual job of the utmost importance awaiting those members of Toc H and L.W.H. who love books and are willing to devote steadily of their time and energy to the joy of others in their own homes, no matter whether those homes are in Central London or the farthest island of the Orkneys. That is the transcription of books into Braille, an embossed type which enables the blind to read by touch, for the National Library for the Blind, 35, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, and 5, St. John Street, Manchester.

Transcription is done by a Braille typewriter or by hand-style, and is not difficult to learn with the hard work and constant practice of enthusiasm. Just one word of warning. Many people are moved at various times and seasons to take up Braille and write books "for the blind." As long as their enthusiasm lasts, they produce good work. Then when the inspiration peters out, the Braille falls off in quantity and quality, until finally we hear no more of the writers. Their work has been of little use to the blind, and the expense and time spent on their training has been wasted.

On the other hand, there is a valuable band of voluntary writers who have been Brailleing steadily for years, producing work that is a blessing to the blind. The Library relies entirely on voluntary writers for first copies of books from print. It often happens that a book is required by a student in a hurry, or by readers who have heard the criticism of it on the wireless and wish to read it before it has become one of last season's remainders. You can, therefore, see how valuable a friend to the blind reader is a person who writes from print quickly and well. The more voluntary writers there are, the more blind workers can be employed to make second and third copies of the books.

A well-written book will last from five to ten years. Supposing, on an average, that a book is issued once a fortnight—sometimes more, sometimes less—in ten years it has brought a little of the glamour, the excitement and the romance of life to 260 blind people. Multiply this number by the number of works produced by one writer in a year and one gains some idea of the sphere of influence of his work. There are not so many jobs in Toc H or out of it that are bearing fruit a hundredfold ten years after they were undertaken.

IN MEMORIAM

Steve Anstey : Toc H Cheltenham, Oxford, London, Natal

THE passing of Stephen Philbrick Anstey at Pietermaritzburg, at the age of 31, after a brief illness, is deeply felt by Toc H friends in many places. From Malvern College he went to Sandhurst, bent on an Army career, but his health failed him and he became a traveller for the old tobacco business of his family. Scouting claimed his devoted service, and contact with Toc H led him to seek Holy Orders. He went to Oxford, where he was a close friend of Charles Sheppard, now also one of the Elder Brethren, and to Cuddesdon Theological College. He then worked in London under Padre Dick Yates (now in Cape Town Toc H), then at St. Francis' Mission in Woolwich, where he was Padre of the Branch. In January of this year he felt the call to Natal, where he filled his spare time with Scouting and Toc H work. "Steve" faced many obstacles in life with a good courage, and made many friends. Some of them are now making efforts to endow a room in his memory at Mark XV, Woolwich.

Eva Rose Stapleton : Foundation Member

BY the passing of Rose Stapleton, on July 5, at the age of 46, Toc H is deprived of one of the devoted handful of nursing sisters who were communicants in the Upper Room of Talbot House during the War and consequently the only women members of Toc H. Rose Stapleton belonged to Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and was awarded the Order of the Royal Red Cross for her work. She was at Poperinghe in 1915 and onwards, at Proven and at Remy Siding, where now the great Lissenthoeck Cemetery marks the agony of the three or four Casualty Clearing Stations which once stood there. After the war she worked at Selly Oak Hospital, Birmingham, and was a fine ally of Padre Royle in the early days of Mark VI. She loved Toc H deeply and was very fond of talking about the Old House and its abiding secret. For the last five years she bore illness bravely, and at the last her ashes were deposited in the catacomb of All Hallows, first of the Foundation Members to be laid there.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT : NOVEMBER 2

THE method and the meaning of the "Chain of Light" is now familiar to all except the youngest units of Toc H. The idea was conceived by Toc H Australia for its Festival in 1929. They proposed that the lighting of all Australian Lamps and Rushlights at the Festival Thanksgiving at Perth, W.A., on May 14 of that year should be the signal for all Toc H lights in the world to be kindled in succession, westwards, until, 24 hours later, a chain had girdled the earth and the flame thus passed on should be received back in Perth, its starting point. In 1930 the Chain was started on December 5 by Tubby himself lighting a Lamp in the Old House at Poperinghe, and the light was received back, after completing its world journey, at the Albert Hall, in London, the following night.*

This year the Central Executive has invited the Transvaal authorities to start the World Chain of Light on November 2, at 9 p.m., by lighting the Transvaal Provincial Lamp in the All Souls' Chapel at St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, and this invitation has been accepted.

All units in Britain, West Africa, Canada, U.S.A., and South America, should light their Lamps at 9 p.m., by their own time, on Monday, November 2. All units in New Zealand, Australia, Malay States, India, East and South Africa, Rhodesia, Egypt, Malta, Belgium and Germany, should light their Lamps at 9 p.m., by their own time, on Tuesday, November 3, 1931.

In this way the Light will encircle the globe and be received back at All Souls' Memorial Chapel, Johannesburg. It is hoped that as many units as possible in every Country and Area will participate at the right time in this Family memorial of the Elder Brethren.

*Tubby's speech at the Albert Hall on receiving back the Light was printed in the January JOURNAL, and a two-sided record of it was made by the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice"), at 4s. 6d.

THE ARMY AND TOC H IN INDIA

ACCORDING to the 1921 census, the European male population in British India numbered 111,637. Of these, some 60,000 would be British troops—officers and men of British regiments serving in India, together with British officers holding commissions in the Indian Army. The 1931 census will probably not show any appreciable alteration in these figures. More than half of the European male population of British India to-day may, therefore, be taken to be serving soldiers.

In view of this fact, it is not surprising that from the very early 1925 days of Toc H in India, military members have always taken their place in the family. Each unit has naturally looked to the Army to provide one definite element for its mixed fellowship. The position to-day is that out of an approximate total membership of 400, there are about 90 members who are serving in the Army. Twenty of these are officers and 70 other ranks. Out of the existing 16 Branches, Groups and Wings, and the 8 Groves, only six have no military representation.

These members have joined up with us in ordinary ways for the most part. Some have come out from home as members, and, on arrival, have linked up with Branch or Group. Others have experienced Toc H out here for the first time, perhaps through meeting civilian members who are helping to run a Soldiers' Club in Fort or Cantonment. In a few cases men have just read or heard of Toc H, and, with no old members to help, they have been the prime movers in planting the seed on virgin soil. Wherever there is a unit, soldiers have always been welcomed when they have offered themselves as probationers. There are a number of "lone" serving members who have kept in touch with H.Q. through letters and the *Lamp*. In one case, in Calcutta, a few civilian members of the Branch, dissatisfied at the lack of Army members, broke away to form a Group which meets in a place not out of bounds to troops as is the Mark.

Up-Country Wings

There are several problems connected with Army membership in India. Perhaps the most difficult arises from the fact that in many up-country military stations the civilian population is practically non-existent and it requires considerable gifts of leadership and imagination successfully to run Toc H in a self-contained military community. For instance, jobs are very difficult to find. But in two such cases, Muttra and Sialkot, a small handful of men have formed themselves into what we call a "Wing," and excellent work is being done in a quiet way. These wings are only formed when men who are already members are transferred to such a station.

One thing is evident. Whether as a result of the Adjutant-General's letter * or not, it is certain that there is no feeling in India that Toc H is no show for the Army as such. During the course of pretty extensive touring in most parts of India, through the last eighteen months, I have found myself listening to many quite unsolicited words of appreciation of the movement, spoken by soldiers of every rank from the Commander-in-Chief down to the humblest private.

We always try to link up men with home Branches on their transfer to the United Kingdom, so that, however limited is the edition of Toc H to which it is possible to introduce them here, they may be sure of finding the real thing waiting for them at home.

F. E. F.

* The Adjutant-General's letter about Toc H, dated February 19, 1930, published in the May JOURNAL, was addressed to all general officers commanding at home and abroad. "The Army Council," he wrote, "feel that it would be unfortunate indeed if the present ignorance of the aims and objects of Toc H were perpetuated by its parent, the British Army, and wish it to be understood that, for their part, they desire once and for all to state that there is nothing in the constitution of either to prevent officers and other ranks of the Army from becoming members of Toc H."

An Army "Grope" in India

We are glad to back BOBS FORD's report on the Army and Toc H in India by the following lively account of a "Grope" by Major A. E. W. SALT, an old friend of Toc H at the War Office, now of the Army School of Education at Belgaum.

A REAL dyed-in-the-wool R.S.M. as jobmaster—R.S.M. W. H. Hibbard of the Lincolns—it is no wonder that Toc H Belgaum is hard on the job and is as alive as any "grope" in India. Moreover, it has a very real and definite piece of work to do, which it is tackling with all the energy at its disposal, and even in this climate, it can find an appreciable amount of vitality to spare.

Belgaum, which now contains only the Army School of Education with its three wings, the Senior Officers' School and the Mahratta Training Depot—was a concentration camp for Southern India during the War and welcomed a very large number of troops. Though the profits on canteens run for their benefit were partly spent on the building of an Institute, called after the then G.O.C., the Meade Institute, a certain substantial sum was also allowed to accumulate in the hands of the Station Office. Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Benton, M.C., now commanding the Station, feeling that these spare moneys should be used for the purpose for which they were originally contributed, was willing to support any scheme directed to this end, and, consequently, assisted materially in the purchase of a Station gramophone, the creation of a fiction library, and the provision of a tennis court. Meanwhile Toc H Belgaum had come into being. It is, in the main, a soldier "grope"—but it differs from other soldier "gropes" in that it has enlisted the aid of N.C.O.'s who are on permanent service in the Station, and has also several very valuable and effective civilian members. At present it includes in its membership a Major (British Service), a Captain (Indian Army), five N.C.O.s (British Service), four British N.C.O.'s (Indian Army), a Sub-Inspector of Police, a member of the I.C.S., and the Commandant of the local jail—a very useful mixed bag.

A Happy Job

Now one of the weaknesses of Toc H in India is the difficulty of finding a sufficient and effective job. So when Toc H heard of the Meade Bequest, it gaily and willingly stepped in and offered to start, equip and run a Station Recreation Room. "Yes," said the I.S.O., "when?" "As soon as we can get a room"—said we of Toc H. And so, to make a long story short, on June 13 the Garrison Recreation Room—the old Garrison Children's School "misappropriated"—is being opened (as the board outside has it) "under the management of Toc H." You should see it; it is as good or better than any recreation room in any barracks in any Station at home or abroad. It has all the necessary equipment, games, tables, chairs, a coffee bar—bacon and eggs, if you feel so inclined, but a few extras, such as plants, blue curtains with gold ribbons, blue "dhurries" with gold borders, pictures and dear old Tubby in a prominent place. The Station has been jolly good to us; there is a first-class manageress, a Lancashire woman, to look after the catering; and it is Toc H. Each of the members has his allotted days of service, and we are open from 5.15 to 9.30 p.m. on weekdays, and from 10.30 a.m. (after Church Parade) to 12.45 p.m. on Sundays, and on Holidays. And if ever fellows were keener, find them for us.

Meanwhile, we don't want much—but there must be some of you at home who like to feel the Imperial spirit in Toc H. Will you send us a message or even perhaps a small something to remind us of the fellowship of the Upper Room that is of Toc H? Will you remember us in your prayers? Will you think of us—each Wednesday fortnight at 6.30 from June 10, meeting in our club room and drinking our coffee, eating our wads, fighting out our problems, rather lonesome, solitary, separated, homesick folk who are of you and with you, and can battle on cheerily because of the fun and fellowship and life that binds us all together?

A. E. W. S.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The pages of the JOURNAL were opened to correspondence in response to many requests from Toc H members, who do not now show any striking desire to rush into print. More letters, please!

"Sorry, I'm Booked . . ."

DEAR EDITOR,

A subject which seems to require ventilation is the high pressure at which (I have some grounds for surmising) those who are responsible for guiding and administering our Family work. They obviously love their job, but that is no reason why they should be allowed to kill themselves at it. Moreover, it seems fairly certain, knowing them as we do, that the last thing they would do would be themselves to make any suggestions such as follow. A very ordinary member ventures, therefore, to make a few remarks.

In the first place, those to whom I refer would unanimously agree that Toc H must fail sooner or later unless it is guided by God. But how is God to get His guidance across (if the expression is not irreverent) when those to whom He has committed the leadership are not allowed sufficient time in each twenty-four hours to get proper opportunities of listening for His Voice? (Those of us who still have cars hardly expect to avoid breakdowns if we consistently omit lubrication, and yet we expect our Family Bus to function smoothly without allowing some of the most important working parts to get enough oil.)

Those whom I have in mind are giving out unstintingly of their best for the sake of the Family for hours much longer than would be tolerated in any self-respecting business. Isn't it up to us to see that something is done about it?

Again, we hope and pray that our movement may keep young and active. Is it consistent with this desire that those who in so many ways must represent Toc H to the world outside cannot from one month's end to another get any real exercise and precious little recreation? (It would be interesting if a record were kept of variations in girth amongst those at H.Q. !)

Here are two good reasons, then, why we, the ordinary members, should insist on proper facilities being afforded for times of quiet and recreation. We can, moreover, probably ourselves do something to help. It is, I daresay, the claim of the ordinary member which at present makes such a thing so difficult. For example, we may perhaps blow in at H.Q. at any odd moment and be hurt if we are refused a chat with Tom, Dick or Harry; or we may write to H.Q. about something which we could just as well find out locally. (In this connection, perhaps, those in authority would give us some hints as to the things we do or don't do which cause avoidable trouble.)

But it is for the brass-hats to take the most difficult step, namely, to see that they and those under them have a definite proportion of their day or week absolutely to themselves, and that such time is not encroached upon except in cases of real emergency.

I expect we shall be told that it can't be done or that it won't work. No doubt a rule which fits the case of the man who spends all his time at H.Q. will not fit that of the man who has to travel about, but, so long as the principle is observed, there cannot be any impossibility about it. If a thing is right, it is not impossible.

I also suggest that facilities for games, etc., should be arranged for the members of H.Q., financial assistance being provided from H.Q. funds, if it cannot be done otherwise. (We ought to be prepared to pay for or provide what a modern enlightened firm will provide, if it can, for its employees.)

Now then, Mr. Editor, and other brass-hats, what about it?

Yours hopefully,

AN ORDINARY MEMBER.

(No, gentle Reader, this letter was not written in the Editorial office, nor with the collusion of any member of H.Q. staff. The writer is a very seasoned member of Toc H, and quite incapable of conspiracy!—ED.)

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Letters from the Western and Northern Areas and from Wales will appear next month. All news should now be addressed to Area Secretaries and not to the Editor of the Journal.

From the West Midlands Area

OWING to the increase in the whole-time Staff, several important additions have been made to the Area and more are to follow.

With the advent of the Derby Mark and Tom Garaway as whole-time Padre, the Derby District has been taken over from the East Midlands and together with N. Staffs District forms a semi-detached division of the Area.

The isolated Group at Presteigne in Mid-Wales has also been added to the Area, and it is hoped eventually to make it the nucleus of a new district. Perhaps later on it will become a jumping-off place for Herefordshire, which is also in the Area, but so far has not a single unit of Toc H.

A further addition to the Area staff will be made in July when Geoffrey Foster takes over from the present Area Secretary, the latter becoming Area Pilot for Warwickshire and Birmingham. Geoffrey has acted as General Secretary for Chile for two years and we welcome him to this Area. We shall then take over the whole of N. Wales as another division of the Area, and from the isolated units of Colwyn Bay, Bangor, Holyhead, Old Colwyn, Presteigne, Rhyl and Wrexham we hope to develop a number of new units from the many contacts. These will eventually become organised in manageable districts and later attain sufficient strength to become a separate Area.

The fact that the new Area Secretary knows Welsh and lives in North Wales should be a great asset in a country where the intrusion of "foreigners" is perhaps somewhat resisted.

The first meeting of the newly-formed Area Executive is called for July 8. With decentralisation and home rule we hope soon to pull our weight financially and otherwise.

Birmingham North and South Districts

It is felt that much further expansion in the Birmingham Districts is undesirable at present, and efforts are being made to consolidate and strengthen the many families formed within the last few years.

Birmingham Branch are a case in point, and their age average would surprise those who still think that Toc H is largely ex-Service, but as a result of continual "hiving-off" they are somewhat short of leaders. They staged successful week-end camps at Sherbourne at Easter and at Ladbroke at Whitsun. Much rain drove the campers into a barn-like structure where a travelling company of players were extracting pennies from the pockets and tears from the eyes of the locals. This inspired a noble effort in camp—and much talent was discovered when *Flames of Passion* was eventually produced at midnight or thereabouts. A game—miscalled cricket—next day restored the usual minimum of sanity.

Not content to make a churchyard their permanent H.Q.'s, Small Heath (two words, please) for the first time in their brief but eventful history, have found a billet of their own in a nearby stable-loft. The blokes, with much help from the Emmas, speedily set about sweeping and garnishing the place and soon made it look like home, without slowing up on jobs under weigh. Talent for scrounging, hitherto latent and entirely unsuspected, was revealed, and one member discovered three dozen part-worn chairs.

Contact with the two secondary schools has been established, and in co-operation with the local S.S.B. Secretary, a few boys in their last term at school were invited to a Guest-night—

B.Y.O.G. and all proper. Toc H was put over hot and strong, with tales of the Old House by one who knew it, after which the blokes let themselves go in the heartiest manner. The schoolboys appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly and one of the headmasters says that his boys were greatly impressed. It is hoped that this will be a regular event during each summer term.

Some weeks ago several members hived off to start a new Grope at Yardley, and as these included Small Heath's Padre and Pilot, the family felt the draught; but a steady influx of probationers has strengthened optimism and the spirit of the Group is high.

In the South District, Moseley and Lye received their Lamps this year and Edgbaston celebrated receiving their Rushlight with a flourish that would put many a Branch to shame. (N.B.—This should only be taken one way—the right way.)

Stourbridge are groping vigorously under the guidance of Lye and are champing to attain Group status.

Efforts are being made as a result of the Countess of Warwick's appeal fund to raise funds for the new Mark, which it is hoped will eventually appear in a more convenient part of Birmingham than Lozells. This will not mean that Mark VI will close down, rather we hope it will then fulfil its original purpose and become a Settlement for real slum work manned by a picked team recruited from the new Mark. The increasing difficulty found in keeping Mark VI up to strength and thus in a sound financial condition proves the need for a really well-equipped Mark in a good quarter where we may attract newcomers to this great city and become a really active and worthy centre for Toc H activities.

The dance organised by Capt. Browne was a triumph of careful planning, and served a really useful purpose socially quite apart from the fact that £170 was cleared, although the tickets were only 3s. 6d. each.

An erroneous impression in the minds of one or two highly-placed officials in Toc H might well be corrected. Beer is not consumed regularly or otherwise during Guest-nights in Birmingham. As in other districts we still feed our fellowship on anæmic coffee and pale pink pastries!

Warwickshire District

A splendid District Guest-night was held at Rugby on May 19th, which every unit in the District except one attended in force, and made their presence felt upon fish and chips with the aid of wooden forks and knives.

The new Gropes at Southam, Farnborough, Stratford and Warwick deserve special mention. Stratford recently staged a Guest-night which showed they had nothing to learn from any District show for careful planning and variety, and was an eye-opener to those in the District who had referred to them as the "Officers' Mess." Southam are lucky in the support they receive from Ladbroke, which has been described as a model Toc H village, so small is the place but so strong in Toc H. Farnborough are making a gallant effort to emulate Ladbroke, and in spite of long hours in the hayfield have time to make Toc H felt and are not afraid of some adverse public opinion.

Warwick are up against the old enemy, apathy, but are putting up a fine fight, and recently did a useful job for disabled soldiers from Highbury Hospital, fifty of whom were entertained in the Castle. The three ex-soldiers who have not walked since the war were happily transported all over the grounds. The Countess of Warwick's appeal fund has created much interest in Toc H in the county and many successful efforts have been made to challenge those blessed with this world's goods to support the movement. Lady Warwick's dance last year was a great success, and a large sum was raised. The result of the various efforts so far is to support a full-time Area Pilot for Warwickshire.

Last September the Warwickshire District Committee decided to adopt a scheme of each member giving a penny stamp at the monthly meetings towards the Prince's Builders' Fund. It is remarkable how well this is panning out, already 14s. has been subscribed. Every little bit added by other units can make all that we want—and more!

The Rugby Branch still continues to remain healthy and jobs are many and varied. One item of interest was the organisation of Life-Boat Day and the manning of the life-boat in the town produced over £75. All hands are now busy preparing for our Happy-Go-Lucky Fête which the Countess of Warwick is very kindly coming to open. We hope that Toc H in Warwickshire will benefit from the effort.

Wolverhampton District

Missionary activity is proved by the formation of new units at Hurst Hill and Bilston, the former receiving its Rushlight recently at a Guest-night attended by representatives of the whole district.

The District Conference on May 2 attained high levels and many interesting subjects were pondered, perhaps too many for one session to deal with adequately.

North Staffs District

On Saturday, April 18, Pat Leonard held forth in great style to a Guest-night crowd of blokes from all over the Area, and on the Sunday morning conducted the Service of Holy Communion in the Parish Church at Stoke. Before he departed for Manchester a cheery breakfast party forgathered at the Stoke City Boys' Club premises.

The aforesaid Boys' Club was officially opened on April 21 by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, supported by Lord and Lady Harrowby. This was followed by a public meeting in the King's Hall, Stoke, when, under the chairmanship of the Lord Mayor, Lord Allenby spoke on Boys' Clubs. Lord Harrowby appealed for support for Toc H and Boys' Clubs throughout the district, and Paul Slessor spoke on the origin and aims of Toc H.

Newcastle have been promoted and are doing well. Their Rushlight was dedicated on July 20 and a District Guest-night staged. The District Committee is functioning well and is getting the team spirit felt.

Derby District

The great event in this district has been the opening of the new Mark XXI on May 16 by the Duke of Devonshire. A truly memorable week-end started with the Derby Family Gathering at Normanton on the Friday night, at which Tubby thrilled a large audience with a description of the history of Toc H in Derby and the connection of the Duke of Devonshire with Toc H in the early days through the Cavendish Association. His challenge to Derby to fulfil the great responsibility entrusted to them in the form of their splendid new Mark should long be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be present. On Saturday morning the Holy Communion Service at the Cathedral was well attended despite the early hour. The opening ceremony took place at 3 p.m., attended by a large number of Toc H members and friends of the movement. The Duke of Devonshire, the Mayor, the Bishop of Derby, General Walthall, Tubby and Tom Garaway all spoke, and after tea the visitors were shown over the Mark. The Duke also read a telegram from our Patron thanking him and sending his good wishes.

The Mark is the gift of Mr. W. H. Richardson, whose family have done much to help Toc H in Derbyshire, and an anonymous gift of £5,000 has been devoted partly to the equipment of the House and partly to the endowment of the Resident Padre.

After the proceedings, a splendid District Guest-night was held in a marquee in the garden, "Siders" of Leicester, "Revo," Michael Coleman, Sam Davies, McGrath, Tom Garaway, and

General Walthall providing a galaxy of talent which the events of the day had keyed up to bewildering heights of brilliance. Holy Communion Services were held at the Mark Chapel on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings following, and were well attended.

A Shropshire District has come into being, and Toc H methods in rural communities are being studied by the District Committee. This scattered district is a fine new field for future developments.

Worcester District

Worcester are overjoyed at receiving their Lamp at the Festival this year, and also by the fact that a Worcester District is to be formed which will include Kidderminster Branch and a very keen Grope at Evesham. The prospect of more Gropes starting in the near future is very encouraging.

By this time what may be regarded as the first District Guest-night will have taken place. This is to consist of the dedication of the Lamp in the Cathedral during the afternoon of June 27, a very large implosion of "Jacks and Jills" from the neighbouring village of Birmingham and our nearer neighbours and an open-air (W.P.) Guest-night on the Old Hills.

The Branch are still having a hectic time running their Club for "toughs." The premises, which were taken over some eighteen months ago and which have already been described here, have just been redecorated and thoroughly Spring-cleaned, giving all members the chance of wearing out the knees of their oldest and baggiest pants. The Club, at the end of last year, had a membership of 150 lads of ages ranging from 14 years to 20 years, but many of these were found to be only "Book-Members." At the start of this year courage was found to face facts and the Club was accordingly closed down and all memberships cancelled. Two nights later the Club was reopened under a new system. Old members were made to apply for re-admission and were divided into two sections, Senior and Junior. The Juniors now meet and use the Club and its many amenities on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The seniors are encouraged to come to Branch meetings and have their own night on Thursdays, while Saturday night is open to both sections. All new applicants have to serve a minimum probationary period of a month before being made members, and admission to the Senior Section is only open to those passing from the junior section. Juniors are taken from 14 to 18, and passed on to the older crowd when over 19. The seniors are being trained and encouraged to take a hand in the running of the Club. The combined membership of the Club is now about 40. Numbers are no longer aimed at, but every effort is made to know thoroughly the lads we have.

Already results have more than justified the change, two seniors having become probationers to Toc H and show every promise of becoming really keen men. The juniors are, despite a strong predilection for "barrack damages," on close acquaintance proving almost human and very likeable. Besides the usual indoor and outdoor sports and pastimes, week-end camps are being run this year, but only for about six lads at a time, numbers again being avoided so that closer contact may be made. The more serious side of club life includes ambulance, and informal talks on matters of moment.

This is by no means the only job run by the Family. Cooking squads are being provided for week-end camps run by Rotary for elementary schoolboys, a concert party is helping to make a garden fête for charity perhaps a little trying for those very musically inclined, but is otherwise passable, and wireless sets for the blind are being maintained. Individual jobs are both numerous and varied.

Besides the new Lamp, the Family are very proud of their Chapel, which contains a relic of the late "Woodbine Willie," which is the Altar Frontal he used in Flanders during the War.

The Patron lit eight new Lamps for the West Midlands at the Crystal Palace in June.

MESSAGES FROM OVERSEAS

One of the most striking features of the Sunday of the Festival was that succession of reports from distant countries which filled such an enthralling two hours at the Family Gathering. We have been able to rescue some, and here gladly print them instead of the usual news from Overseas.

From South Australia

"It was in 1925 that Tubby came and started us in Adelaide. The date of the first meeting was August 4, a memorable date, but I believe it so happened that it fitted in with Tubby's plans, and was not deliberately chosen. Since then we have made considerable progress, and even since I've been at home I have had news of the formation of two new Groups, showing they can carry on without their old secretary, all of which counts for stability.

"The population of the State of South Australia is about 650,000, of whom more than half live in Adelaide and its suburbs, which does not leave many for the wide open spaces of the rest of the State. But I am glad to say that we have several outposts in the back of beyond, and, considering their isolation, they are not doing so badly. Our furthest flung Group, 310 miles from Adelaide, compares favourably with many a Group in Adelaide itself, and is a live force in the little town away out in the mallee scrub. We were the first to start a Group in an island off the Australian coast, always excepting Tasmania, which is a State of the Commonwealth. The Group in question is at Hog Bay on Kangaroo Island. The bay was so called by Captain Cook, when he discovered the Island, after one of his officers, and not for reasons which might occur to you! It is curious, however, that on one occasion we did take on a cargo of pigs at Hog Bay, but that must be taken literally.

"So, if any of you come to Australia you can be sure of a true Toc H welcome. You will find us gathered round our Lamps and Rushlights, all imbued with the same spirit, and I feel sure that if any Member from England attended a meeting of a Branch or Group—even a small Group out in the back blocks—he would say 'Why, this is uncommonly like home.'"

BOB CAVE, *Adelaide.*

From Western Australia

"Now I am told I am to try to tell you something about one of our chief problems in Australia, and in so doing I must necessarily speak more particularly of the West. You all know that Australia is passing through very anxious times, times that have aroused political interest, particularly among the younger people, as never before in the history of Australia. Now it is easy to see how a comparatively small body of men can have a very large influence on a small community such as exists in Western Australia. There has been, during the last eighteen months, a good deal of discussion among the rank and file in the Groups and Branches as to what Toc H is aiming at—ideals good, but what of the end? The present situation in Australia no doubt accounts for the not yet expressed desire to take a hand where perhaps it would be wise to cut off that same hand rather than put it to such work. I confess we in Western Australia have felt puzzled. Toc H, we are told, is a training ground for leadership, in the political as in other spheres. Toc H, as a body, must not be political. A Toc H-er may express his political views outside Toc H, but must not use those views to rouse Toc H to make use of them as a body. It is becoming very difficult in Western Australia to divorce the two ideas. Toc H Australia needs the prayers and guidance of the Mother Country. My father, who leaves Australia to-morrow after three years' service as President of Toc H Australia, would, I know, wish me to give you all from him his very best wishes and the best of luck in the future."

SIMON CAMPION, *Perth.*

From Chile

"I am glad to say that all the units in Chile except that at Iquique are in a flourishing condition, and at the Festival was lit the second Chilean Lamp of Maintenance, Santiago Group having been raised to Branch status in February of this year.

It is through no fault of her own that the Iquique Group cannot be said to be flourishing. Owing to the severe Nitrate crisis, which has hit Iquique more than anywhere else, the Group has lost some of its members and there is no new blood coming in. However, the Rushlight is being jealously guarded by a small squad of stalwarts who do not intend to surrender it in a hurry and we hope that brighter days are in store for them.

I do not think that there is a country in the world where there is more scope for Toc H work than in Chile. Our chief work includes Hospital Visiting, assisting with the entertainment of seafaring men at the Seamen's Mission, entertaining naval men who periodically visit the port during the South American cruises of our men of war, finding work for down and outs, visiting the Salvation Army and Sisters of Mercy's homes, looking after the interests of St. Dunstan's and generally helping the 26 different British institutions in the Colony as well as many deserving national institutions. In all this work we make a special point of supplementing the work of the existing institutions and not displacing it in any way.

Our greatest needs are : (1) a Full-time organising Secretary, (2) Headquarters Rooms for each unit, and (3) a Mark in Santiago. But at the moment there is no chance of our being able to get any of these, as, like all countries, Chile is very short of money and there is nobody there who can afford to help in any substantial way.

The amount of administrative work and correspondence has multiplied so rapidly that it is almost impossible for the General Secretary to cope with it in a really efficient way in his spare time and it was only after considerable persuasion that the present excellent "Scribe-General" was induced to take over.

At present all units in Chile meet in rooms which are lent to them, and perhaps the most essential thing to work for is to get them housed in meeting rooms of their own. This, of course, with due respect and gratefulness to the Seamen's Mission and clubs which at present generously lend their rooms for meetings free of charge.

Santiago is fast becoming the commercial centre of Chile as well as being the Capital of the Republic, and large numbers of young fellows are being transferred to this city, which possesses quite an inadequate number of good boarding houses. Hear the cry of Padre Cenich (the Association Padre) for a Mark in that city, which would do a lot of good work.

As regards our relation with the churches, we realise that it is of paramount importance that we should show no leanings to any particular one, but we point out to our membership that they should support and help the Padres of their own churches whenever they possibly can, realising that a Padre's job is particularly difficult in Latin America. Through following this course we have been successful in maintaining a religious peace and our meetings are attended by padres of all sects, including two Catholic priests, whom Tubby got to know during his visit in 1928.

It is inevitable for various reasons, more particularly the language difficulty, that up to the present Toc H members are chiefly recruited from the ranks of the British Colony in Chile, but contacts are being made and several Chileans are now attending meetings and signing probationer's slips in Santiago and Valparaiso. The large German Colony in Concepcion has also shown itself to be interested and we are getting Arnheim, the Secretary of the Berlin Group, to write to them and explain things."

GEOFFREY FOSTER, *Valparaiso*.

From India

"Since the advent of 'Bobs' Ford, Toc H in our part of the world has gone ahead splendidly and has now taken root in Burma. A better choice for the work Bobs has to do could not have been made. There are now 16 recognised units in India and Burma, and as they are separated in most cases by distances greater than the length of England, the necessity for a full-time man is obvious.

As regards problems facing Toc H in India, Branches and Groups can do a lot towards promoting a happier understanding between the Indian and the European. There is, of course, no question of admitting Indians into Toc H unless they are Christians, but anyone who has been in India and has got to know a few Mohammedans or Hindus apart from those with whom he *has* to deal in the course of his work, would welcome the opportunity of getting to know a few more, a bit better. I am not in a position to speak from personal experience of units other than those in Calcutta and Lahore, but I *do* know that contact with Indians has already been made in some centres.

In Calcutta, for example, the newly formed Street Boys Club has brought some of us into touch with a splendid crowd of Mohammedans, who started by helping and are now practically running the show. It is interesting to note that the club was started as a direct result of a talk given at a Toc H meeting by an Indian Christian, Mr. B. K. Mukerji, Magistrate of the Juvenile Court in Calcutta.

It has been said that it is up to the Indians to help their own more unfortunate countrymen, and this is, of course, true, but the point I am trying to make is, that it is by doing jobs with Indians that we can best get to know and appreciate them and vice versa, the Toc H principle.

From what I have said it will be seen that Indians *are* ready to help themselves and there exist many Mohammedan and Hindu Societies in which the principle of service is stressed, as in the Indian Boy Scouts. Even supposing they were not already helping themselves, one of the aims of Toc H is for its members to spread the Gospel without preaching it, and surely this can better be practised in the way I have outlined than by simply sitting aloof.

If the solution of India's difficulties is to be a Christian India, is it going too far to say that perhaps Toc H has been allowed to take root and grow in that country in order that the life and practices of its members may assist the splendid work the missionaries are doing there?"

CYRIL WARNER, *Calcutta.*

From Rhodesia

"It is easy to quote figures, but while they show advance, they cannot give the real position. Our history is much like that of other places. The visits of Uncle Harry and his wife resulted in a great recruitment of members, but thereafter followed a continual falling off in numbers. A few hung on in that time of adversity, and the Toc H spirit was born and its real strength revealed. Then came the building up, and this is slower, though the foundations are good and capable of bearing a great structure. Such is the present position of Toc H in Rhodesia as I see it.

The Pilot is taking the place of Jobmaster as the most important figure of the unit, and it becomes increasingly clear that this is the real line of advance. Our length of probation has also been much lengthened.

The country, newest of all the colonies, is in many ways unique, and it has some difficulties which are peculiar to itself. It is impossible to convey to people in the Homeland the problems due to the great distances which separate the towns, but those from certain other colonies will know something of this. Rhodesia is many times the size of the British Isles and has a white population only about four times the size of the Festival audience. It follows that communities are small and widely scattered.

It is difficult to keep touch and for this reason literature is very important to us. On behalf of Toc H Rhodesia, I give you greeting in the words of the Matabele oration, *Illala gubhe*—‘Stay you well.’”

WELLS, *Bulawayo*.

From East Africa

“What can Toc H do in Kenya Colony? When we started in Nairobi, the capital, some of us thought we could do the ordinary sheep-dog and stretcher-bearing jobs among our fellow Europeans. We *did* several jobs in this direction, but we found that in a small European community there was no desperate need which was not being already met. We found our real job was more difficult because more simple. We just had to learn to be friendly to one another, and later friendly to Africa and its people. In learning to be friendly we gained a vision of what personal lives, as apart from the particular activities of Britishers, can mean in Africa. Being really friendly in Africa *is* difficult. It’s difficult because Britishers go out to Africa from widely different motives. Settler, official, trader, teacher and missionary all find it supremely difficult to understand and sympathise with each other’s point of view. The practical lives of each section of our immigrant population are entirely committed to their own special plans for getting something out of or doing something with the raw African native. You can see how such a situation is all against a disinterested *friendly* spirit as between Europeans themselves, and as between the European and the African.

Now Toc H with its four points of the compass, its simple message of friendliness to all sorts of men, is well fitted to strike a blow at the root of these conflicting elements. In Nairobi we are proving that. Toc H there comes as a civilising force in a half-civilised country. It is an agent in helping to create moderate public opinion on subjects of vital concern to all men living in Africa. I am thinking of the colour problem.

We are interested in the African himself, and members of Nairobi Toc H have gone down to the native quarter and formed a club, the personal support of which is one of our most regular jobs. It was an unheard-of procedure and nearly broke up our Group, but not quite. The club is flourishing now, and so is Toc H in Nairobi. In the club we are aiming to do something with the African rather than for him. We hope to discover and share with the African a common loyalty for Africa and its future.

But really the friendly spirit between Europeans themselves is the greatest need in Kenya. The spectacle of civilisation divided against itself in Africa is tragic. In a small way Toc H is remedying this by helping Britishers to live as regularly ordered and full lives as in their homeland. I believe ultimately that the personal life of the European is the only thing which matters as far as influencing the simple African is concerned.

The African takes us as he finds us, and where, as I have said, every white man in Africa is so busy doing things, or so busy with particular and often one-sided schemes for getting things done, simply to spread *the* Gospel—or any gospel—without preaching it, is the one essential which is always being forgotten. One of the easiest things is for a young Britisher going to Africa to become spoilt. The biggest job for Toc H in Kenya is to prevent that by getting him to meet people with varied interests. With this end in view we have formed a Toc H mess where our Nairobi Group of 25 members has met each week for the past year.”

NIGHTINGALE, *Nairobi*.

